

SIXTY SELECTIONS  
FROM SHAKESPEARE



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SIXTY  
SELECTIONS FROM SHAKESPEARE

COMPILED

BY

GERARD BRIDGE, O. S. B.

ST. VINCENT COLLEGE

BEATTY, PA.

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GERARD BRIDGE

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GERARD BRIDGE, O. S. B.

TO THE STUDENTS  
OF ST. VINCENT COLLEGE  
AND TO HIS PRESENT AND FORMER PUPILS  
IN THE NOBLE ART OF EXPRESSION  
THESE SELECTIONS FROM SHAKESPEARE  
ARE CORDIALLY INSCRIBED  
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## PREFACE.



*I*f it is true, as Maurice Francis Egan says, that “there is more intellectual gain in six months’ close study of the text and circumstances of ‘Hamlet’ than in tripping through a dozen books of selections” from other authors, then with equal propriety it may be said that the student of elocution will derive more gain from the close study and proper rendering of one selection from Shakespeare than from a dozen selections from other authors. This is our apology for presenting this little collection of “Selections from Shakespeare.” And it is hoped that, while the prime object is to benefit the more advanced student of elocution, it may be found to contain many little gems which will awaken an interest and infuse a love for the Works of the Great Master. How far it will succeed in this twofold purpose remains for the future to show.

As it is necessary for the thorough understanding of a selection to know what precedes and oftentimes what follows, the act and the scene of the play from

which the selection has been taken, have been carefully indicated, so that the pupil may readily refer to the passage. And it will be found of invaluable aid to both speaker and listener, if a few introductory remarks leading up to the selection in question are prefaced.

It might not be out of place to suggest that, when possible, the dialogues and scenes should be rendered by one individual. This would give him ample opportunity for displaying all his ability in presenting characters widely different.

Though this collection does not exhaust the possible selections from Shakespeare, being not even complete according to the original plan, yet, with the hope that it may be of some service to the student of elocution, it is given to the press. Should the favor of public approval not be accorded to it, other selections will remain in the literary laboratory of the

#### COMPILER.

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# TABLE OF CONTENTS.

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## MONOLOGUES.

	PAGE
Portia's Plea for Mercy.....	1
Bassanio's Choice of the Casket .....	2
Hamlet's Reflections on his Mother's Second Marriage .....	4
Polonius' Advice to Laertes.....	5
Hamlet's Reflections on his own Cowardice .....	6
Hamlet's Soliloquy .....	8
Hamlet's Instruction to the Players.....	9
The King of Denmark's Soliloquy .....	11
Hamlet Spurring Himself to Action.....	12
Marullus to the Roman Rabble .....	13
Brutus' Harangue on the Death of Caesar.....	14
Antony's Funeral Oration.....	15
Macbeth's Soliloquy .....	19
Macbeth's Apostrophe .....	20
Macbeth Plotting the Murder of Banquo.....	21
King Henry's Monologue.....	23
Fallstaff's Glorification of Sack .....	25
Prince Henry's Reflections on the Crown .....	26
King Henry Unmasking the Hypocrisy of the Nobles.....	27
King Henry's Address to the Soldiers.....	30
King Henry's Overture of Peace.....	31
King Henry's Reflections on the Idle Glories of Kings .....	32
King Henry's Reply to Westmoreland.....	34
The Duke of Burgundy Discoursing on the Ravages of War .....	36
The Duke of York's Ambitions .....	37
Queen Margaret Lamenting her sad Fate.....	39
York's Scathing Rebuke of Queen Margaret .....	41
King Henry VI. Musing on the Idle Glories of Kings.....	43
Gloster's Vaulting Ambition .....	45
Gloster's Aspirations .....	47

	PAGE
Dream of Clarence .....	49
Richmond's Address to the Troops.....	51
Buckingham's Farewell.....	53
Cardinal Wolsey's Reflections on being cast off by Henry VIII... .	55
Cranmer's Prophecy of Princess Elizabeth.....	58
Othello's Apology .....	60
Menenius' Speech to the Citizens .....	62
Menenius Mildly Rebuking the Tribunes.....	65
Timon's Reflections in the Woods.....	67
Catharine's Discourse on the Duties of a Wife.....	70

### DIALOGUES AND SCENES.

A Scene from the Merchant of Venice.....	75
A Scene from the Merchant of Venice.....	80
A Court of Justice, a Scene from the Merchant of Venice .....	85
A Scene from Hamlet .....	97
A Scene from Hamlet.....	101
Cassius Instigating Brutus against Caesar.....	107
Antony Lamenting over the Dead Body of Caesar.....	112
Quarrel between Brutus and Cassius.....	116
The Murder of King Duncan.....	120
A Scene from King Henry IV. Part 2.....	129
Dialogue between Prince Heury and King Henry.....	134
The Murder of King Henry VI.....	138
Gloster Wooing Lady Anne.....	141
Queen Catharine's Appeal for Justice.....	150
Iago and Rodrigo Plotting against Othello .....	157
Iago Instigating Othello against Desdemona.....	162
Coriolanus's Treachery .....	173
Volumnia's Victory.....	176
King John's Remorse.....	183
Petruchio's Method.....	186





Monologues.







## Portia's Plea for Mercy.

MERCHANT OF VENICE.

Act IV. — Scene 1.



HE quality of mercy is not strain'd;  
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven  
Upon the place beneath: it is twice blest;  
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes:  
'T is mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes  
The throned monarch better than his crown:  
  
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,  
The attribute to awe and majesty,  
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;  
But mercy is above the sceptred sway;  
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,  
It is an attribute to God Himself;  
And earthly power doth then show likest God's,  
When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,  
Though justice be thy plea, consider this,—  
That, in the course of justice, none of us  
Should see salvation: we do pray for mercy;  
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render  
The deeds of mercy. I have spoke thus much  
To mitigate the justice of thy plea;  
Which if thou follow, this strict court of Venice  
Must needs give sentence 'gainst the merchant there.

## Bassanio's Choice of the Casket.

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MERCHANT OF VENICE.

Act III. — Scene 2.

**C**ONFESS, and love,  
Had been the very sum of my confession.  
O happy torment, when my torturer  
Doth teach me answers for deliverance!  
  
But let me to my fortune and the caskets.  
So may the outward shows be least themselves;  
The world is still decciv'd with ornament.  
In law, what plea so tainted and corrupt,  
But, being season'd with a gracious voice,  
Obscures the show of evil? In religion,  
What damned error, but some sober brow  
Will bless it and approve it with a text,  
Hiding the grossness with fair ornament?  
There is no vice so simple, but assumes  
Some mark of virtue on his outward parts.  
How many cowards, whose hearts are all as false  
As stairs of sand, wear yet upon their chins  
The beards of Hercules, and frowning Mars;  
Who, inward search'd, have livers white as milk?  
And these assume but valour's excrement,  
To render them redoubted. Look on beauty,  
And you shall see 'tis purchas'd by the weight;  
Which therein works a miracle in nature,  
Making them lightest that wear most of it:  
So are those crisped snaky golden locks,  
Which make such wanton gambols with the wind,  
Upon supposed fairness, often known  
To be the dowry of a second head,  
The skull that bred them, in the sepulchre.  
Thus ornament is but the guiled shore

To a most dangerous sea; the beauteous scarf  
Veiling an Indian beauty; in a word,  
The seeming truth which cunning times put on  
To entrap the wisest. Therefore, thou gaudy gold,  
Hard food for Midas, I will none of thee:  
Nor none of thee, thou pale and common drudge  
'Tween man and man: but thou, thou meagre lead,  
Which rather threat'nest, than dost promise aught,  
Thy plainness moves me more than eloquence,  
And here choose I; Joy be the consequence !

What find I here ?

[*Opening the leaden casket*]

Fair Portia's counterfeit? What demi-god  
Hath come so near creation? Move these eyes?  
Or whether, riding on the balls of mine,  
Seem they in motion? Here are sever'd lips,  
Parted with sugar breath; so sweet a bar  
Should sunder such sweet friends: Here in her hairs  
The painter plays the spider; and hath woven  
A golden mesh to entrap the hearts of men,  
Faster than gnats in cobwebs: But her eyes, —  
How could he see to do them? having made one,  
Methinks, it should have power to steal both his,  
And leave itself unfurnish'd: Yet look, how far  
The substance of my praise doth wrong this shadow  
In underprizing it, so far this shadow  
Doth limp behind the substance. — Here's the scroll,  
The continent and summary of my fortune.

You that choose not by the view,  
Chance as fair, and choose as true!  
Since this fortune falls to you,  
Be content, and seek no new.  
If you be well pleas'd with this,  
And hold your fortune for your bliss,  
Turn you where your lady is,  
And claim her with a loving kiss.

A gentle scroll; — Fair lady, by your leave;  
 I come by note, to give, and to receive.  
 Like one of two contending in a prize,  
 That thinks he hath done well in people's eyes,  
 Hearing applause and universal shout,  
 Giddy in spirit, still gazing, in a doubt  
 Whether those peals of praise be his or no;  
 So, thrice fair lady, stand I, even so,  
 As doubtful whether what I see be true,  
 Until confirm'd, signed, ratified by you.



## Hamlet's Reflections on his Mother's Second Marriage.

—  
HAMLET.

Act I. — Scene 2.



THAT this too, too solid flesh would melt,  
 Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew!  
 Or that the Everlasting had not fix'd  
 His canon 'gainst self-slaughter! O God! O God!  
 How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable  
 Seem to me all the uses of this world!  
 Fie on't! O fie! 'tis an unweeded garden,  
 That grows to seed; things rank and gross in nature  
 Possess it merely. That it should come to this!  
 But two months dead! — nay, not so much, not two:  
 So excellent a king; that was, to this,  
 Hyperion to a Satyr: so loving to my mother,  
 That he might not beteem the winds of heaven  
 Visit her face too roughly. Heaven and earth!  
 Must I remember? why, she would hang on him,  
 As if increase of appetite had grown  
 By what it fed on: And yet, within a month, —  
 Let me not think on't; — Frailty, thy name is woman! —

A little month; or ere those shoes were old,  
With which she follow'd my poor father's body,  
Like Niobe, all tears; — why she, even she,—  
O heaven! a beast, that wants discourse of reason,  
Would have mourn'd longer, — married with my uncle,  
My father's brother; but no more like my father,  
Than I to Hercules: within a month;  
Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous tears  
Had left the flushing in her galled eyes,  
She married: — O most wicked speed, to post  
With such dexterity to incestuous sheets!  
It is not, nor it cannot come to good;  
But break, my heart; for I must hold my tongue!



## Polonius' Advice to Laertes.

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### H A M L E T.

Act I. — Scene 3.



ET here, Laertes! Aboard, aboard, for shame!  
The wind sits in the shoulder of your sail,  
And you are staid for. There — my blessing with  
thee!

And these few precepts in thy memory  
Look thou character. Give thy thoughts no tongue,  
Nor any unproportion'd thought his act.  
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.  
The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,  
Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel;  
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment  
Of each new-hatch'd, unfledg'd comrade. Beware  
Of entrance to a quarrel; but, being in,  
Bear it, that the opposer may beware of thee.

Give every man thy ear, but few thy voice:  
 Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment.  
 Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,  
 But not express'd in fancy; rich, not gaudy:  
 For the apparel oft proclaims the man;  
 And they in France, of the best rank and station,  
 Are most select and generous, chief in that.  
 Neither a borrower, nor a lender be:  
 For loan oft loses both itself and friend;  
 And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.  
 This above all, — To thine own self be true;  
 And it must follow, as the night the day,  
 Thou canst not then be false to any man.  
 Farewell; my blessing season this in thee !



## Hamlet's Reflections on His Own Cowardice.

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### HAMLET.

Act II. — Scene 2.

**N**OW I am alone.  
 O, what a rogue and peasant slave am I!  
 Is it not monstrous, that this player here,  
 But in a fiction, in a dream of passion,  
 Could force his soul so to his own conceit,  
 That from her working all his visage wann'd,  
 Tears in his eyes, distraction in's aspect,  
 A broken voice, and his whole function suiting  
 With forms to his conceit? And all for nothing!  
 For Hecuba!  
 What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba,  
 That he should weep for her? What would he do,  
 Had he the motive and the cue for passion

That I have? He would drown the stage with tears,  
And cleave the general ear with horrid speech,  
Make mad the guilty, and appal the free,  
Confound the ignorant, and amaze, indeed  
The very faculties of eyes and ears.

Yet I,

A dull and muddy-mettled rascal, peak,  
Like John a-dreams, unpregnant of my cause,  
And can say nothing; no, not for a king,  
Upon whose property, and most dear life,  
A damm'd defeat was made. Am I a coward?  
Who calls me villain? breaks my pate across?  
Plucks off my beard, and blows it in my face?  
Tweaks me by the nose? gives me the lie i'the throat,  
As deep as to the lungs? who does me this?

Ha!

Why, I should take it; for it cannot be,  
But I am pigeon-liver'd, and lack gall  
To make oppression bitter; or, ere this,  
I should have fatted all the region kites  
With this slave's offal: bloody, bawdy villain!

Remorseless, treacherous, lecherous, kindless villain!

Why, what an ass am I! This is most brave,  
That I, a son of a great father murder'd,  
Prompted to my revenge by heaven and hell,  
Must, like a fool, unpack my heart with words,  
And fall acursing, like a very drab,  
A scullion!

Fie upon't! foh! About my brains! Humph! I have heard,  
That guilty creatures, sitting at a play,  
Have by the very cunning of the scene  
Been struck so to the soul, that presently  
They have proclaim'd their malefactions:  
For murder, though it have no tongue, will speak  
With most miraculous organ. I'll have these players  
Play something like the murder of my father

Before mine uncle: I'll observe his looks;  
 I'll tent him to the quick: if he do blench,  
 I know my course. The spirit that I have seen,  
 May be the devil: and the devil hath power  
 To assume a pleasing shape; yea, and perhaps,  
 Out of my weakness and my melancholy,  
 As he is very potent with such spirits,  
 Abuses me to damn me: I'll have grounds,  
 More relative than this: the play's the thing  
 Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the king.



## Hamlet's Soliloquy.

HAMLET.

Act III. — Scene 1.

**H**O be, or not to be, that is the question:  
 Whether 'tis nobler in the mind, to suffer  
 The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune;  
 Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,  
 And, by opposing, end them. To die, — to sleep, —  
 No more; — and, by a sleep, to say we end,  
 The heart-ache, and the thousand natural shocks  
 That flesh is heir to,— 'tis a consummation  
 Devoutly to be wish'd. To die, — to sleep, —  
 To sleep! perchance to dream;—ay, there's the rub;  
 For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,  
 When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,  
 Must give us pause: There's the respect,  
 That makes calamity of so long life;  
 For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,  
 The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,  
 The pangs of disprized love, the law's delay,

The insolence of office, and the spurns  
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,  
When he himself might his quietus make  
With a bare bodkin? who would fardels bear,  
To grunt and sweat under a weary life,  
But that the dread of something after death,  
The undiscover'd country, from whose bourn  
No traveller returns, puzzles the will,  
And makes us rather bear those ills we have,  
Than fly to others that we know not of?  
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all,  
And thus the native hue of resolution  
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought;  
And enterprises of great pith and moment,  
With this regard, their currents turn awry,  
And lose the name of action.



## Hamlet's Instruction to the Players.



H A M L E T.

Act III. — Scene 11.

**S**PEAK the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue: but, if you mouth it, as many of your players do, I had as lief the town-crier spoke my lines. Nor do not saw the air too much with your hand, thus; but use all gently: for in the very torrent, tempest, and, as I may say, whirlwind of passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance, that may give it smoothness. O, it offends me to the soul, to hear a robustious, periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of the groundlings; who, for the most part, are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb shows and

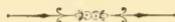
noise. I would have such a fellow whipped for o'erdoing Termagant; it out-herods Herod. Pray you, avoid it.

Be not too tame, neither; but let your own discretion be your tutor. Suit the action to the word, the word to the action; with this special observance, that you o'erstep not the modesty of nature: for anything so overdone is from the purpose of playing, whose end, both at the first, and now, was and is, to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature; to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time, his form and pressure. Now, this overdone, or come tardy off, though it make the unskilful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve; the censure of the which one, must, in your allowance, o'erweigh a whole theatre of others. O, there be players, that I have seen play,—and heard others praise, and that highly,—not to speak it profanely, that, neither having the accent of Christians, nor the gait of Christian, pagan, nor man, have so strutted and bellowed, that I have thought some of nature's journeyman had made men, and not made them well, they imitated humanity so abominably.

And let those, that play your clowns, speak no more than is set down for them: for there be of them, that will themselves laugh, to set on some quantity of barren spectators to laugh too; though, in the mean time, some necessary question of the play be then to be considered: that's villainous, and shows a most pitiful ambition in the fool that uses it. Go, make you ready.



## King of Denmark's Soliloquy.



### HAMLET.

Act III. — Scene 3.



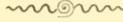
MY offence is rank, it smells to heaven;  
It hath the primal eldest curse upon 't,  
A brother's murder! Pray can I not,  
Though inclination be as sharp as will;

My stronger guilt defeats my strong intent;  
And, like a man to double business bound,  
I stand in pause where I shall first begin,  
And both neglect. What if this cursed hand  
Were thicker than itself with brother's blood?  
Is there not rain enough in the sweet heavens,  
To wash it white as snow? Whereto serves mercy,  
But to confront the visage of offence?  
And what's in prayer but this twofold force, —  
To be forestalled, ere we come to fall,  
Or pardon'd, being down? Then I'll look up;  
My fault is past. But, O, what form of prayer  
Can serve my turn? Forgive me my foul murder! —  
That cannot be; since I am still possess'd  
Of those effects for which I did the murder,  
My crown, mine own ambition, and my queen.  
May one be pardon'd, and retain the offence?  
In the corrupted currents of this world,  
Offence's gilded hand may shove by justice;  
And oft 't is seen, the wicked prize itself  
Buys out the law. But 't is not so above:  
There is no shuffling, there the action lies  
In his true nature, and we ourselves compell'd  
Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults,  
To give in evidence. What then? what rests?  
To try what repentance can: what can it not?

Yet what can it, when one can not repent?  
 O wretched state! O bosom, black as death!  
 O limed soul; that struggling to be free,  
 Art more engag'd! Help, angels, make assay!  
 Bow, stubborn knees! and, heart, with strings of steel,  
 Be soft as sinews of the new-born babe;  
 All may be well! [Retires and kneels.  
 My words fly up; my thoughts remain below:  
 Words, without thoughts, never to heaven go.



## Hamlet Spurring Himself to Action.



HAMLET.

Act IV. — Scene 4.

**H**OW all occasions do inform against me,  
 And spur my dull revenge! What is a man,  
 If his chief good, and market of his time,  
 Be but to sleep and feed? a beast, no more.  
 Sure, He, that made us with such large discourse,  
 Looking before and after, gave us not  
 That capability and godlike reason  
 To fust in unus'd. Now, whether it be  
 Bestial oblivion, or some craven scruple  
 Of thinking too precisely on the event,—  
 A thought, which, quarter'd, hath but one part wisdom,  
 And ever three parts coward, — I do not know  
 Why yet I live to say “This thing's to do”;  
 Sith I have cause, and will, and strength, and means  
 To do't. Examples, gross as earth exhort me:  
 Witness this army of such mass and charge,  
 Led by a delicate and tender prince;  
 Whose spirit, with divine ambition puff'd,  
 Makes mouths at the invisible event;

Exposing what is mortal and unsure,  
To all that fortune, death, and danger dare,  
Even for an egg-shell. Rightly to be great,  
Is not to stir without great argument,  
But greatly to find quarrel in a straw,  
When honour's at the stake. How stand I then,  
That have a father kill'd, a mother stain'd,  
Excitements of my reason and my blood,  
And let all sleep? while, to my shame, I see  
The imminent death of twenty thousand men,  
That, for a fantasy, and trick of fame,  
Go to their graves like beds; fight for a plot  
Whereon the numbers cannot try the cause,  
Which is not tomb enough, and continent,  
To hide the slain?—O, from this time forth,  
My thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth!



## Marullus to the Roman Rabble.

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CÆSAR.

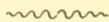
Act I. — Scene 1.

**W**HEREFORE rejoice? What conquest brings he home?  
What tributaries follow him to Rome,  
To grace in captive bonds his chariot wheels?  
You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things!  
O, you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome,  
Knew you not Pompey? Many a time and oft  
Have you climb'd up to walls and battlements,  
To towers and windows, yea, to chimney-tops,  
Your infants in your arms, and there have sat  
The live-long day, with patient expectation,

To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome;  
 And when you saw his chariot but appear,  
 Have you not made an universal shout,  
 That Tiber trembled underneath her banks,  
 To hear the replication of your sounds,  
 Made in her concave shores?  
 And do you now put on your best attire?  
 And do you now cull out a holiday?  
 And do you now strew flowers in his way,  
 That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood?  
 Be gone!  
 Run to your houses, fall upon your knees,  
 Pray to the gods to intermit the plague  
 That needs must light on this ingratitude.



## Brutus' Harangue on the Death of Caesar.



CÆSAR.

Act III. — Scene 2.

**R**OMANS, countrymen, and lovers! hear me for my cause, and be silent, that you may hear; believe me for mine honor, and have respect to mine honor, that you may believe; censure me in your wisdom, and awake your senses, that you may the better judge. If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of Caesar's, to him I say, that Brutus' love to Caesar was no less than his. If then that friend demand, why Brutus rose against Caesar, this is my answer: — Not that I loved Caesar less, but that I loved Rome more. Had you rather Caesar were living, and die all slaves, than that Caesar were dead, to live all free men? As Caesar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honor him: but,

as he was ambitious, I slew him. There is tears for his love; joy, for his fortune; honor, for his valour; and death, for his ambition. Who is here so base, that would be a bondman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so rude, that would not be a Roman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so vile, that will not love his country? If any, speak; for him have I offended. I pause for a reply.

*All.* None, Brutus, none.

*Brutus.* Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Caesar, than you shall do to Brutus. The question of his death is enrolled in the Capitol; his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy; nor his offences inforced, for which he suffered death.

(Enter Antony and others, with Caesar's body.)

Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony: who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the commonwealth; as which of you shall not? With this I depart, — that, as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death.



## Antony's Funeral Oration.

CÆSAR.

Act III. — Scene 2.

RIENDS, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears; I come to bury Caesar, not to praise him. The evil, that men do, lives after them; The good is often interred with their bones; So let it be with Caesar. The noble Brutus Hath told you, Caesar was ambitious: If it were so, it was a grievous fault, And grievously hath Caesar answer'd it. Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest; —

For Brutus is an honorable man;  
So are they all, all honorable men; —  
Come I to speak in Caesar's funeral.  
He was my friend, faithful and just to me:  
But Brutus says, he was ambitious;  
And Brutus is an honorable man.  
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,  
Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill:  
Did this in Caesar seem ambitious?  
When that the poor have cried, Caesar hath wept:  
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff:  
Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious;  
And Brutus is an honorable man.  
You all did see, that on the Lupercal,  
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,  
Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition?  
Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious;  
And, sure, he is an honorable man.  
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,  
But here I am to speak what I do know.  
You all did love him once, not without cause:  
What cause withdraws you then, to mourn for him?  
O Judgment! thou are fled to brutish beasts,  
And men have lost their reason!—Bear with me;  
My heart is in the coffin there with Caesar,  
And I must pause till it come back to me.  
But yesterday, the word of Caesar might  
Have stood against the world; now lies he there,  
And none so poor to do him reverence.  
O masters! if I were dispos'd to stir  
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,  
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,  
Who, you all know, are honorable men:  
I will not do them wrong; I rather choose  
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself, and you,  
Than I will wrong such honorable men.

But here's a parchment, with the seal of Caesar;  
I found it in his closet, 'tis his will:  
Let but the commons hear this testament, —  
Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read, —  
And they would go and kiss dead Caesar's wounds,  
And dip their napkins in his sacred blood;  
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,  
And, dying, mention it within their wills,  
Bequeathing it, as a rich legacy,  
Unto their issue.

If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.  
You all do know this mantle: I remember  
The first time Caesar ever put it on;  
'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent:  
That day he overcame the Nervii: —  
Look! in this place, ran Cassius' dagger through:  
See, what a rent the envious Casca made:  
Through this, the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd;  
And, as he pluck'd his cursed steel away,  
Mark how the blood of Caesar follow'd it;  
As rushing out of doors, to be resolv'd  
If Brutus so unkindly knock'd, or no;  
For Brutus, as you know, was Caesar's angel:  
Judge, O you gods, how dearly Caesar loved him!  
This was the most unkindest cut of all;  
For when the noble Caesar saw him stab,  
Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,  
Quite vanquish'd him: then burst his mighty heart;  
And, in his mantle muffling up his face,  
Even at the base of Pompey's statue,  
Which all the while ran blood, great Caesar fell.  
O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!  
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,  
Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us.  
O, now you weep: and, I perceive, you feel  
The dint of pity: these are gracious drops.

Kind souls, what, weep you when you behold  
Our Caesar's vesture wounded? Look you here,  
Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, with traitors.

Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up  
To such a sudden flood of mutiny.

They, that have done this deed, are honorable:  
What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,  
That made them do't; they are wise and honorable,  
And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.

I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts:

I am no orator, as Brutus is;

But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,  
That love my friend; and that they know full well  
That gave me public leave to speak of him.

For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,  
Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,  
To stir men's blood: I only speak right on;

I tell you that, which you yourselves do know;  
Show you sweet Caesar's wounds, poor, poor dumb mouths,  
And bid them speak for me: But were I Brutus,  
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony  
Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue  
In every wound of Caesar, that should move  
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.



## Macbeth's Soliloquy.

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### MACBETH.

Act I. — Scene 7.

**M**F it were done, when 'tis done, then 't'were well  
It were done quickly: if the assassination  
Could trammel up the consequence, and catch,  
With his surcease, success; that but this blow  
Might be the be-all and the end-all here,  
But here, upon this bank and shoal of time,—  
We'd jump the life to come. — But, in these cases,  
We still have judgment here; that we but teach  
Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return  
To plague the inventor: This even-handed justice  
Commends the ingredients of our poison'd chalice  
To our own lips. He's here in double trust:  
First, as I am his kinsman and his subject,  
Strong both against the deed; then, as his host,  
Who should against his murderer shut the door,  
Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this Duncan  
Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been  
So clear in his great office, that his virtues  
Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against  
The deep damnation of his taking-off:  
And pity, like a naked new-born babe,  
Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubim, hors'd  
Upon the sightless couriers of the air,  
Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,  
That tears shall drown the wind. — I have no spur  
To prick the sides of my intent, but only  
Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself  
And falls on the other. —

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## Macbeth's Apostrophe.

MACBETH.

Act II. — Scene 1.

**M**S this a dagger, which I see before me,  
The handle toward my hand? — Come, let me clutch  
thee: —  
I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.  
Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible  
To feeling, as to sight? or art thou but  
A dagger of the mind; a false creation,  
Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain?  
I see thee yet, in form as palpable  
As this which now I draw.  
Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going;  
And such an instrument I was to use.  
Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other senses,  
Or else worth all the rest: I see thee still;  
And on thy blade and dudgeon, gouts of blood,  
Which was not so before. — There's no such thing:  
It is the bloody business, which informs  
Thus to mine eyes. — Now o'er the one half world  
Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse  
The curtain'd sleep; now witchcraft celebrates  
Pale Hecate's offerings; and wither'd murder,  
Alarm'd by his sentinel, the wolf,  
Whose howl's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace,  
With Tarquin's ravishing strides, towards his design  
Moves like a ghost. — Thou sure and firm-set earth,  
Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear  
The very stones prate of my where-about,  
And take the present horror from the time,  
Which now suits with it. — Whiles I threat, he lives;  
Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives.  
I go, and it is done; the bell invites me. —  
Hear it not, Duncan; for it is a knell  
That summons thee to heaven, or to hell.



## Macbeth Plotting Murder of Banquo.

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MACBETH.

Act III. — Scene 1.



O be thus is nothing;  
But to be safely thus: — Our fears in Banquo  
Stick deep; and in his royalty of nature  
Reigns that, which would be fear'd: 'Tis much he  
dares;

And, to that dauntless temper of his mind,  
He hath a wisdom that doth guide his valour  
To act in safety. There is none but he  
Whose being I do fear: and, under him,  
My genius is rebuk'd; as, it is said,  
Mark Antony's was by Caesar. He chid the sisters,  
When first they put the name of king upon me,  
And bade them speak to him; then, prophet-like,  
They hail'd him father to a line of kings:  
Upon my head they placed a fruitless crown,  
And put a barren sceptre in my gripe,  
Thence to be wrench'd with an unlineal hand,  
No son of mine succeeding. If it be so,  
For Banquo's issue have I fill'd my mind;  
For them the gracious Duncan have I murder'd;  
Put rancours in the vessel of my peace  
Only for them; and mine eternal jewel  
Given to the common enemy of man,  
To make them kings, the seed of Banquo kings!  
Rather than so, come, fate, into the list,  
And champion me to the utterance!

*To the murderers.*

Have you consider'd of my speeches? Know  
That it was he, in the times past, which held you  
So under fortune; which, you thought, had been

Our innocent self; this I made good to you  
 In our last conference; pass'd in probation with you,  
 How you were borne in hand; how cross'd; the instruments;  
 Who wrought with them; and all things else, that might,  
 To half a soul, and a notion craz'd  
 Say, Thus did Banquo.

And went further, which is now  
 Our point of second meeting. Do you find  
 Your patience so predominant in your nature,  
 That you can let this go? Are you so gospell'd,  
 To pray for this good man, and for his issue  
 Whose heavy hand hath bow'd you to the grave,  
 And beggar'd yours forever?

Ay, in the catalogue ye go for men;  
 As hounds, and greyhounds, mongrels, spaniels, curs,  
 Shoughs, water-rugs, and demi-wolves, are cleped  
 All by the name of dogs: the valued file  
 Distinguishes the swift, the slow, the subtle,  
 The house-keeper, the hunter, every one  
 According to the gift which bounteous nature  
 Hath in him clos'd; whereby he does receive  
 Particular addition, from the bill  
 That writes them all alike: and so of men.  
 Now, if you have a station in the file,  
 And not in the worst rank of manhood, say it;  
 And I will put that business in your bosoms,  
 Whose execution takes your enemy off;  
 Grapples you to the heart and love of us,  
 Who wear our health but sickly in his life,  
 Which in his death were perfect.

Both of you

Know, Banquo was your enemy.  
 So is he mine: and in such bloody distance,  
 That every minute of his being thrusts  
 Against my near'st of life: And though I could  
 With bare-fac'd power sweep him from my sight,  
 And bid my will avouch it; yet I must not,

For certain friends that are both his and mine,  
Whose loves I may not drop, but wail his fall  
Whom I myself struck down: and thence it is,  
That I to your assistance do make love;  
Masking the business from the common eye,  
For sundry weighty reasons.

Your spirits shine through you. Within this hour, at most,  
I will advise you where to plant yourselves.  
Acquaint you with the perfect spy o'the time,  
The moment on't; for't must be done to-night,  
And something from the palace; always thought,  
That I require a clearness: And with him,  
(To have no rubs, nor botches, in the work,)  
Fleance his son, that keeps him company,  
Whose absence is no less material to me  
Than is his father's, must embrace the fate  
Of that dark hour. Resolve yourselves apart;  
I'll call upon you straight; abide within.  
It is concluded: — Banquo, thy soul's flight,  
If it find heaven, must find it out to-night.



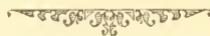
## King Henry's Monologue.

### HENRY IV. Part II.

#### Act III. — Scene 1.

OW many thousand of my poorest subjects  
Are at this hour asleep! — Sleep, gentle sleep,  
Nature's soft nurse, how have I frightened thee,  
That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down,  
And steep my senses in forgetfulness?  
Why rather, sleep, liest thou in smoky cribs,  
Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee,

And hush'd with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber;  
Than in the perfumed chambers of the great,  
Under the canopies of costly state,  
And lull'd with sounds of sweetest melody?  
O thou dull god, why liest thou with the vile,  
In loathsome beds; and leav'st the kingly couch,  
A watch-case, or a common 'larum-bell?  
Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast  
Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains  
In cradle of the rude imperious surge;  
And in the visitation of the winds,  
Who take the ruffian billows by the top,  
Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them  
With deaf'ning clamours in the slippery clouds,  
That, with the hurly, death itself awakes?  
Canst thou, O partial sleep, give thy repose  
To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude;  
And, in the calmest and most stillest night,  
With all appliances and means to boot,  
Deny it to a king? Then, happy low, lie down!  
Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.  
O heaven! that one might read the book of fate;  
And see the revolution of the times  
Make mountains level, and the continent  
Weary of solid firmness, melt itself  
Into the sea! and, other times, to see  
The beachy girdle of the ocean  
Too wide for Neptune's hips; how chances mock,  
And changes fill the cup of alteration  
With divers liquors! O, if this were seen,  
The happiest youth, — viewing his progress through,  
What perils past, what crosses to ensue, —  
Would shut the book, and sit him down and die.



## Falstaff's Glorification of Sack.

### HENRY IV. Part II.

Act IV. — Scene 3.

**F**WOULD, you had but the wit; 'twere better than your dukedom. Good faith, this same young sober-blooded boy doth not love me; nor a man cannot make him laugh: — but that's no marvel, he drinks no wine. There's never any of these demure boys come to any proof: for thin drink doth so over-cool their blood, and making many fish-meals that they are generally fools and cowards; — which some of us should be too, but for inflammation. A good sherris-sack hath a two-fold operation in it. It ascends me into the brain; dries me there all the foolish, and dull, and crudyl vapours which environ it: makes it apprehensive, quick, forgetive, full of nimble, fiery, and delectable shapes; which, deliver'd o'er to the voice, the tongue, which is the birth, becomes excellent wit. The second property of your excellent sherris is, — the warming of the blood; which, before cold and settled, left the liver white and pale, which is the badge of pusillanimity and cowardice: but the sherris warms it, and makes it course from the inwards to the parts extreme. It illumineth the face; which, as a beacon, gives warning to all the rest of this little kingdom, man, to arm: and then the vital commoners, and inland petty spirits, muster me all to their captain, the heart; who, great, and puffed up with this retinue, doth any deed of courage; and this valour comes of sherris: So that skill in the weapon is nothing, without sack; for that sets it a-work: and learning, a mere hoard of gold kept by a devil; till sack commences it, and sets it in act and use. Hereof comes it, that Prince Harry is valiant: for the cold blood he did naturally inherit of his father, he hath, like lean, sterile, and bare land, manured, husbanded, and tilled, with excellent endeavor of drinking good, and good store of

fertile sherris; that he is become very hot and valiant. If I had a thousand sons, the first human principle I would teach them, should be, — to forswear thin potations, and addict themselves to sack. —

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## Prince Henry's Reflections on the Crown.

### HENRY IV. Part II.

Act IV. — Scene 5.

**H**Y doth the crown lie there upon his pillow,  
Being so troublesome a bedfellow?  
O polish'd perturbation! golden care!  
That keep'st the ports of slumber open wide  
To many a watchful night! — sleep with it now!  
Yet not so sound, and half so deeply sweet,  
As he whose brow with homely biggin bound,  
Snores out the watch of night. O majesty!  
When thou dost pinch thy bearer, than dost sit  
Like a rich armour worn in heat of day,  
That scalds with safety. By his gates of breath  
There lies a downy feather, which stirs not:  
Did he suspire, that light and weightless down  
Perforce must move. — My Gracious Lord! my father! —  
This sleep is sound indeed; this is a sleep,  
That from this golden rigol hath divorce'd  
So many English kings. Thy due, from me,  
Is tears, and heavy sorrows of the blood;  
Which nature, love, and filial tenderness,  
Shall, O dear father, pay the plenteously:  
My due, from thee, is this imperial crown;  
Which, as immediate from thy place and blood,  
Derives itself to me. Lo, here it sets, —

*Putting it on his head.*

Which heaven shall guard: And put the world's whole  
strength

Into one giant arm, it shall not force  
This lineal honour from me: This from thee  
Will I to mine leave, as 'tis left to me.



## King Henry Unmasking the Hypocrisy of the Nobles.

KING HENRY V.

Act II. — Scene 2.

**H**EN, Richard, Earl of Cambridge, there is yours; —  
There yours, Lord Scroop of Masham; — and, sir  
knight,  
Grey of Northumberland, this same is yours: —  
Read them; and know, I know your worthiness. —  
My lord of Westmoreland, — and uncle Exeter, —  
We will aboard to-night. — Why, how now, gentlemen?  
What see you in those papers, that you lose  
So much complexion? — Look ye, how they change!  
Their cheeks are paper. — Why, what read you there,  
That hath so cowarded and chas'd your blood  
Out of appearance?

The mercy, that was quick in us but late,  
By your own counsel is suppress'd and kill'd:  
You must not dare, for shame, to talk of mercy;  
For your own reasons turn into your bosoms,  
As dogs upon their masters, worrying them. —  
See you, my priuces, and my noble peers,  
These English monsters! My lord of Cambridge here, —  
You know how apt our love was, to accord  
To furnish him with all appertinents

Belonging to his honour; and this man  
Hath, for a few light crowns, lightly conspir'd,  
And sworn unto the practices of France,  
To kill us here in Hampton: to the which,  
This knight, no less for bounty bound to us  
Than Cambridge is, — hath likewise sworn. — But, O!  
What shall I say to thee, Lord Scroop? Thou cruel,  
Ingrateful, savage, and inhuman creature!  
Thou, that didst bear the key of all my counsels,  
That knew'st the very bottom of my soul,  
That almost might'st have coin'd me into gold,  
Would'st thou have practis'd on me for thy use?  
May it be possible, that foreign hire  
Could out of thee extract one spark of evil,  
That might annoy my finger? 'tis so strange,  
That, though the truth of it stands off as gross  
As black from white, my eye will scarcely see it.  
Treason and murder, ever kept together,  
As two yoke-devils sworn to either's purpose,  
Working so grossly in a natural cause,  
That admiration did not whoop at them:  
But thou, 'gainst all proportion, didst bring in  
Wonder, to wait on treason, and on murder:  
And whatsoever cunning fiend it was,  
That wrought upon thee so preposterously,  
Hath got the voice in hell for excellence.  
All other devils that suggest by treasons,  
Do botch and bungle up damnation  
With patches, colours, and with forms being fetch'd  
From glistering semblances of piety;  
But he, that temper'd thee, bade thee stand up,  
Gave thee no instance why thou should'st do treason,  
Unless to dub thee with the name of traitor.  
If that same demon, that hath gull'd thee thus,  
Should with his lion gait walk the whole world,  
He might return to vasty Tartar back,

And tell the legions, — I can never win  
A soul so easy as that Englishman's.  
O, how hast thou with jealousy infected  
The sweatness of affiance! Show men dutiful?  
Why, so didst thou: Seem they grave and learned?  
Why, so didst thou: Come they of noble family?  
Why, so didst thou: Seem they religious?  
Why, so didst thou: Or are they spare in diet;  
Free from gross passion, or of mirth, or anger;  
Constant in spirit, not swerving with the blood;  
Garnish'd and deck'd in modest complement;  
Not working with the eye, without the ear,  
And, but in purged judgment, trusting neither?  
Such, and so finely bolted, didst thou seem:  
And thus thy fall hath left a kind of blot,  
To mark the full-fraught man, and best endued,  
With some suspicion. I will weep for thee;  
For this revolt of thine, methinks, is like  
Another fall of man. — Their faults are open,  
Arrest them to the answer of the law; —  
And God acquit them of their practices!  
God quit you in his mercy! Hear your sentence.  
You have conspir'd against our royal person,  
Join'd with an enemy proclaim'd, and from his coffers  
Receiv'd the golden earnest of our death;  
Wherein you would have sold your king to slaughter,  
His princes and his peers to servitude,  
His subjects to oppression and contempt,  
And his whole kingdom unto desolation.  
Touching our person, seek we no revenge;  
But we our kingdom's safety must so tender,  
Whose ruin you three sought, that to her laws  
We do deliver you. Get you therefore hence,  
Poor miserable wretches, to your death:  
The taste whereof, God, of his mercy, give you  
Patience to endure, and true repentance  
Of all your dear offences! — Bear them hence. —

## King Henry's Address to the Soldiers.

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### KING HENRY V.

Act III. — Scene 1.



NCE more unto the breach, dear friends, once more;  
 Or close the wall up with our English dead!  
 In peace, there's nothing so becomes a man,  
 As modest stillness, and humility:  
 But when the blast of war blows in our ears,  
 Then imitate the action of the tiger;  
 Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood,  
 Disguise fair nature with hard-favour'd rage:  
 Then lend the eye a terrible aspect;  
 Let it pry through the portage of the head,  
 Like the brass cannon; let the brow o'erwhelm it,  
 As fearfully, as doth a galled rock  
 O'erhand and jutty his confounded base,  
 Swill'd with the wild and wasteful ocean.  
 Now set the teeth, and stretch the nostril wide;  
 Hold hard the breath, and bend up every spirit  
 To his full height! — On, on, you noblest English,  
 Whose blood is fet from fathers of war-proof!  
 Fathers, that, like so many Alexanders,  
 Have, in these parts, from morn till even fought,  
 And sheath'd their swords for lack of argument.  
 Dishonour not your mothers; now attest,  
 That those, whom you call'd fathers, did beget you.  
 Be copy now to men of grosser blood,  
 And teach them how to war! — And you, good yeomen,  
 Whose limbs were made in England, show us here  
 The mettle of your pasture; let us swear  
 That you are worth your breeding: which I doubt not;  
 For there is none of you so mean and base,

That hath not noble lustre in your eyes.  
I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,  
Straining upon the start. The game 's afoot;  
Follow your spirit: and, upon this charge,  
Cry — God for Harry! England! and Saint George!



## King Henry's Overture of Peace.

KING HENRY V.

Act III. — Scene 3.

**H**OW yet resolves the governor of the town?  
This is the latest parle we will admit:  
Therefore, to our best mercy give yourselves;  
Or, like to men proud of destruction,  
Defy us to our worst: for, as I am a soldier,  
A name, that, in my thoughts, becomes me best,  
If I begin the battery once again,  
I will not leave the half-achieved Harfleur,  
Till in her ashes she lie buried.  
The gates of mercy shall be all shut up;  
And the flesh'd soldier, — rough and hard of heart, —  
In liberty of bloody hand, shall range  
With conscience wide as hell, mowing like grass  
Your fresh-fair virgins, and your flowering infants.  
What is it then to me, if impious war, —  
Array'd in flames, like to the prince of fiends, —  
Do, with his smirch'd complexion, all fell feats  
Enlink'd to waste and desolation?  
What is 't to me, when you yourselves are cause,  
If your pure maidens fall into the hand  
Of hot and forcing violation?  
What rein can hold licentious wickedness,

When down the hill he holds his fierce career?  
 We may as bootless spend our vain command  
 Upon the enraged soldiers in their spoil,  
 As send precepts to the Leviathan  
 To come ashore. Therefore, you men of Harfleur,  
 Take pity of your town, and of your people,  
 Whiles yet my soldiers are in my command;  
 Whiles yet the cool and temperate wind of grace  
 O'erblows the filthy and contagious clouds  
 Of deadly murder, spoil, and villany.  
 If not, why, in a moment, look to see  
 The blind and bloody soldier with foul hand  
 Defile the locks of your shrill-shrieking daughters;  
 Your fathers taken by the silver beards,  
 And their most reverend heads dash'd to the walls;  
 Your naked infants spitted upon pikes;  
 Whiles the mad mothers with their howls confus'd  
 Do break the clouds, as did the wives of Jewry  
 At Herod's bloody-hunting slaughtermen.  
 What say you? will you yield, and this avoid?  
 Or, guilty in defence, be thus destroy'd?



## King Henry's Reflections on the Idle Glories of Kings.

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KING HENRY V.

Act IV. — Scene 1.

**S**UPON the king! let us our lives, our souls,  
 Our debts, our careful wives, our children, and  
 Our sins, lay on the king;—we must bear all.  
 O hard condition! twin-born with greatness,  
 Subjected to the breath of every fool,  
 Whose sense no more can feel but his own wringing!

What infinite heart's ease must kings neglect,  
That private men enjoy?  
And what have kings, that privates have not too,  
Save ceremony, save general ceremony?  
And what art thou, thou idol ceremony?  
What kind of god art thou, that suffer'st more  
Of mortal griefs, than do thy worshippers?  
What are thy rents? what are thy comings-in?  
O ceremony, show me but thy worth!  
What is the soul of adoration?  
Art thou aught else but place, degree, and form,  
Creating awe and fear in other men?  
Wherein thou art less happy being fear'd  
Than they in fearing.  
What drink'st thou oft, instead of homage sweet,  
But poison'd flattery? O, be sick, great greatness,  
And bid thy ceremony give thee cure!  
Think'st thou, the fiery fever will go out  
With titles blown from adulation?  
Will it give place to flexure and low bending?  
Canst thou, when thou command'st the beggar's knee,  
Command the health of it? No, thou proud dream,  
That play'st so subtly with a king's repose;  
I am a king that find thee; and I know,  
'T is not the balm, the sceptre, and the ball,  
The sword, the mace, the crown imperial,  
The enter-tissued robe of gold and pearl,  
The farced title running 'fore the king,  
The throne he sits on, nor the tide of pomp  
That beats upon the high shore of this world,  
No, not all these, thrice-gorgeous ceremony,  
Not all these, laid in bed majestical,  
Can sleep so soundly as the wretched slave;  
Who, with a body fill'd, and vacant mind,  
Gets him to rest, cramm'd with distressful bread;  
Never sees horrid night, the child of hell;

But, like a lackey, from the rise to set,  
 Sweats in the eye of Phoebus, and all night  
 Sleeps in Elysium; next day, after dawn,  
 Doth rise, and help Hyperion to his horse;  
 And follow so the ever-running year  
 With profitable labour, to his grave.  
 And, but for ceremony, such a wretch,  
 Winding up days with toil, and nights with sleep,  
 Had the fore-hand and vantage of a king.  
 The slave, a member of the country's peace,  
 Enjoys it; but in gross brain little wots,  
 What watch the king keeps to maintain the peace,  
 Whose hours the peasant best advantages.



## King Henry's Reply to Westmoreland.



KING HENRY V.

Act IV. — Scene 3.

**A**Y cousin Westmoreland? — No, my fair cousin:  
 If we are mark'd to die, we are enough  
 To do our country loss; and if to live,  
 The fewer men, the greater share of honour.

God's will! I pray thee, wish not one man more.

By Jove, I am not covetous for gold;

Nor care I, who doth feed upon my cost;

It yearns me not, if men my garments wear;

Such outward things dwell not in my desires:

But, if it be a sin to covet honour,

I am the most offending soul alive.

No, 'faith, my coz, wish not a man from England:

God's peace! I would not lose so great an honour,

As one man more, methinks, would share from me,  
For the best hope I have. O, do not wish one more!  
Rather proclaim it, Westmoreland, through my host,  
That he, which hath no stomach to this fight,  
Let him depart; his passport shall be made,  
And crowns for convoy put into his purse.  
We would not die in that man's company,  
That fears his fellowship to die with us.  
This day is call'd — the feast of Crispian:  
He, that outlives this day, and comes safe home,  
Will stand a tip-toe when this day is nam'd,  
And rouse him at the name of Crispian.  
He, that shall live this day, and see old age,  
Will yearly on the vigil feast his friends,  
And say — to-morrow is Saint Crispian.  
Then will he strip his sleeve, and show his scars,  
And say, these wounds I had on Crispin's day.  
Old men forget; yet all shall be forgot,  
But he'll remember, with advantages,  
What feats he did that day. Then shall our names,  
Familiar in their mouths as household words, —  
Harry, the king, Bedford, and Exeter,  
Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloster, —  
Be in their flowing cups freshly remember'd.  
This story shall the good man teach his son;  
And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by,  
From this day to the ending of the world,  
But we in it shall be remembered:  
We few, we happy few, we band of brothers.  
For he, to-day that sheds his blood with me,  
Shall be my brother; be he ne'er so vile,  
This day shall gentle his condition;  
And gentlemen in England, now a-bed,  
Shall think themselves accurs'd, they were not here;  
And hold their manhoods cheap while any speaks,  
That fought with us upon Saint Crispin's day.

# The Duke of Burgundy Discoursing on the Ravages of War

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KING HENRY V.

Act V. — Scene 2.

**M**Y Duty to you both, on equal love,  
Great kings of France and England! That I  
have labour'd  
With all my wits, my pains, and strong endeavours,  
To bring your most imperial majesties  
Unto this bar and royal interview,  
Your mightiness on both parts best can witness.  
Since then my office hath so far prevail'd,  
That, face to face, and royal eye to eye,  
You have congreeted; let it not disgrace me,  
If I demand, before this royal view,  
What rub, or what impediment, there is,  
Why that the naked, poor, and mangled peace,  
Dear nurse of arts, plenties, and joyful births,  
Should not, in this best garden of the world,  
Our fertile France, put up her lovely visage?  
Alas! she hath from France too long been chas'd;  
And all her husbandry doth lie on heaps,  
Corrupting in its own fertility.  
Her vine, the merry cheerer of the heart,  
Unpruned dies: her hedges even-pleached, —  
Like prisoners wildly over-grown with hair,  
Put forth disorder'd twigs: her fallow leas  
The darnel, hemlock, and rank fumitory,  
Doth root upon; while that the coulter rusts,  
That should deracinate such savagery:  
The even mead, that erst brought sweetly forth  
The freckled cowslip, burnet, and green clover,  
Wanting the scythe, all uncorrected, rank,

Conceives by idleness; and nothing teems,  
But hateful docks, rough thistles, kecksies, burs,  
Losing both beauty and utility.  
And as our vineyards, fallows, meads, and hedges,  
Defective in their natures, grow to wildness;  
Even so our houses, and ourselves, and children,  
Have lost, or do not learn, for want of time,  
The sciences that should become our country;  
But grow, like savages, — as soldiers will,  
That nothing do but meditate on blood, —  
To swearing, and stern looks, diffus'd attire,  
And every thing that seems unnatural.  
Which to reduce into our former favour,  
Your are assembled: and my speech entreats,  
That I may know the let, why gentle peace  
Should not expel these inconveniences,  
And bless us with her former qualities.



## The Duke of York's Ambitions.

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KING HENRY VI. Part II.

Act III. — Scene 1.

**N**OW, York, or never, steel thy fearful thoughts,  
And change misdoubt to resolution:  
Be that thou hop'st to be; or what thou art  
Resign to death; it is not worth the enjoying:  
Let pale-fac'd fear keep with the mean-born man,  
And find no harbour in a royal heart.  
Faster than spring-time showers, comes thought on thought;  
And not a thought, but thinks on dignity.  
My brain, more busy than the labouring spider,

Weaves tedious snares to trap mine enemies.  
Well, nobles, well, 'tis politely done,  
To send me packing with a host of men:  
I fear me, you but warm the starved snake,  
Who, cherish'd in your breasts, will sting your hearts.  
'Twas men I lack'd, and you will give them me:  
I take it kindly; yet, be well assur'd  
You put sharp weapons in a madman's hands.  
Whiles I in Ireland nourish a mighty band,  
I will stir up in England some black storm,  
Shall blow ten thousand souls to heaven, or hell:  
And this fell tempest shall not cease to rage  
Until the golden circuit on my head,  
Like to the glorious sun's transparent beams,  
Do calm the fury of this mad-bred flaw.  
And, for a minister of my intent,  
I have seduc'd a headstrong Kentishman,  
John Cade of Ashford,  
To make commotion, as full well he can,  
Under the title of John Mortimer.  
In Ireland have I seen this stubborn Cade  
Oppose himself against a troop of Kernes;  
And fought so long, till that his thighs with darts  
Were almost like a sharp-quill'd porcupine:  
And, in the end being rescu'd, I have seen him  
Caper upright like a wild Morisco,  
Shaking the bloody darts, as he his bells.  
Full often, like a shag-hair'd crafty Kerne,  
Hath he conversed with the enemy;  
And undiscover'd come to me again,  
And given me notice of their villanies.  
This devil here shall be my substitute;  
For that John Mortimer, which now is dead,  
In face, in gait, in speech, he doth resemble:  
By this I shall perceive the common's mind,  
How they affect the house and claim of York,

Say, he be taken, rack'd, and tortured;  
 I know, no pain, they can inflict upon him,  
 Will make him say—I moved him to those arms;  
 Say, that he thrive, as 'tis great like he will,  
 Why, then from Ireland come I with my strength,  
 And reap the harvest which that rascal sow'd:  
 For, Humphrey being dead, as he shall be,  
 And Henry put apart, the next for me.

I am far better born than is the king;  
 More like a king, more kingly in my thoughts.  
 Ring, bells, aloud; burn, bonfires, clear and bright,  
 To entertain great England's lawful king.  
 Ah, *sancta majestas!* who would not buy thee dear?  
 Let them obey, that know not how to rule;  
 This hand was made to handle nought but gold:  
 I cannot give due action to my words,  
 Except a sword, or sceptre, balance it.  
 A sceptre shall it have, have I a soul;  
 On which I'll toss the flower-de-luce of France.



## Queen Margaret Lamenting her sad Fate.



KING HENRY VI. Part II.

Act III. — Scene 2.

**W**HY do you rate my lord of Suffolk thus?  
 Although the duke was enemy to him,  
 Yet he, most christian-like, laments his death;  
 And for myself,—foe as he was to me,  
 Might liquid tears, or heart-offending groans,  
 Or blood-consuming sighs recal his life,  
 I would be blind with weeping, sick with groans,  
 Look pale as primrose, with blood-drinking sighs,

And all to have the noble duke alive.  
What know I how the world may deem of me?  
For it is known, we were but hollow friends;  
It may be judg'd, I made the duke away:  
So shall my name with slander's tongue be wounded,  
And princes' courts be fill'd with my reproach.  
This get I by his death: Ah me, unhappy!  
To be a queen, and crown'd with infamy!

What, dost thou turn away, and hide thy face?  
I am no loathsome leper, look on me.  
What, art thou, like the adder, waxen deaf?  
Be poisonous too, and kill thy forlorn queen.  
Is all thy comfort shut in Gloster's tomb?  
Why, then dame Margaret was ne'er thy joy:  
Erect his statue then, and worship it,  
And make my image but an alehouse sign.  
Was I, for this, nigh wreck'd upon the sea;  
And twice by awkward wind from England's bank  
Drove back again unto my native clime?  
What boded this, but well-forewarning wind  
Did seem to say,—Seek not a scorpion's nest,  
Nor set no footing on this unkind shore?  
What did I then, but curs'd the gentle gusts,  
And he that loos'd them from their brazen caves;  
And bid them blow towards England's blessed shore,  
Or turn our stern upon a dreadful rock?  
Yet Aeolus would not be a murderer,  
But left that hateful office unto thee:  
The pretty vaulting sea refus'd to drown me;  
Knowing that thou would'st have me drown'd on shore,  
With tears as salt as sea through thy unkindness:  
The splitting rocks cow'r'd in the sinking sands,  
And would not dash me with their ragged sides;  
Because thy flinty heart, more hard than they,  
Might in thy palace perish Margaret.  
As far as I could ken thy chalky cliffs,

When from the shore the tempest beat us back,  
I stood upon the hatches in the storm:  
And when the dusky sky began to rob  
My earnest-gaping sight of thy land's view,  
I took a costly jewel from my neck,—  
A heart it was, bound in with diamonds,—  
And threw it towards thy land; the sea receiv'd it;  
And so, I wish'd, thy body might my heart:  
And even with this, I lost fair England's view,  
And bid mine eyes be packing with my heart:  
And call'd them blind and dusky spectacles,  
For losing ken of Albion's wished coast.  
How often have I tempted Suffolk's tongue,—  
The agent of thy foul inconstancy,—  
To sit and witch me, as Ascanius did,  
When he to madding Dido, would unfold  
His father's acts, commenc'd in burning Troy?  
Am I not witch'd like her? or thou not false like him?  
Ah me, I can no more! Die, Margaret!  
For Henry weeps, that thou dost live so long.



## York's Scathing Rebuke of Queen Margareth.

— *mezzo-forte* —

### KING HENRY VI. Part III.

Act I. — Scene 4.

**S**HE-WOLF of France, but worse than wolves of France,  
Whose tongue more poisons than the adder's tooth!  
How ill-beseeming is it in thy sex,  
To triumph like an Amazonian trull,  
Upon their woes, whom fortune captivates?

But that thy face is, vizor-like, unchanging,  
Made impudent with use of evil deeds,  
I would assay, proud queen, to make thee blush:  
To tell thee whence thou cam'st, of whom deriv'd,  
Were shame enough to shame thee, wert thou not shameless.  
Thy father bears the type of King of Naples,  
Of both the Sicils, and Jerusalem;  
Yet not so wealthy as an English yeoman.  
Hath that poor monarch taught thee to insult?  
It needs not, nor it boots thee not, proud queen;  
Unless the adage must be verified,—  
That beggars, mounted, run their horse to death.  
'Tis beauty, that doth oft make women proud;  
But, God he knows, thy share thereof is small:  
'Tis virtue, that doth make them most admir'd;  
The contrary doth make thee wonder'd at:  
'Tis government, that makes them seem divine;  
The want thereof makes thee abominable:  
Thou art as opposite to every good,  
As the Antipodes are unto us,  
Or as the south to the septentrion.  
O, tiger's heart, wrapp'd in a woman's hide!  
How could'st thou drain the life-blood of the child,  
To bid the father wipe his eyes withal,  
And yet be seen to bear a woman's face?  
Women are soft, mild, pitiful, and flexible;  
Thou stern, obdurate, flinty, rough, remorseless.  
Bid'st thou me rage? why, now thou hast thy wish;  
Would'st have me weep? why, now thou hast thy will;  
For raging wind blows up incessant showers,  
And, when the rage allays, the rain begins.  
These tears are my sweet Rutland's obsequies;  
And every drop cries vengeance for his death,—  
'Gainst thee, fell Clifford,—and thee, false Frenchwoman.

    That face of his the hungry cannibals  
Would not have touch'd, would not have stain'd with blood;

But you are more inhuman, more inexorable,—  
O, ten times more,—than tigers of Hyrcania.  
See, ruthless queen, a hapless father's tears:  
This cloth thou dipp'dst in blood of my sweet boy,  
And I with tears do wash the blood away.  
Keep thou the napkin, and go boast of this:  
And, if thou tell'st the heavy story right,  
Upon my soul, the hearers will shed tears;  
Yea, even my foes will shed fast-falling tears,  
And say,—Alas, it was a piteous deed!—  
There, take the crown, and, with the crown, my curse;  
And, in thy need, such comfort come to thee,  
As now I reap at thy too cruel hand!—  
Hard-hearted Clifford, take me from the world;  
My soul to heaven, my blood upon your heads!

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## King Henry VI. Musing on the Idle Glories of Kings.

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### KING HENRY VI. · Part III.

Act II. — Scene 5.

**H**IIS battle fares like to the morning's war,  
When dying clouds contend with growing light;  
What time the shepherd, blowing of his nails,  
Can neither call it perfect day, nor night.  
Now sways it this way, like a mighty sea,  
Forc'd by the tide to combat with the wind;  
Now sways it that way, like the self-same sea  
Forc'd to retire by fury of the wind:  
Sometime, the flood prevails; and then, the wind;  
Now, one the better; then, another best;  
Both tugging to be victors, breast to breast,  
Yet neither conqueror, nor conquered;

So is the equal poise of this fell war.  
Here on this molehill will I sit me down.  
To whom God will, there be the victory!  
For Margaret my queen, and Clifford too,  
Have chid me from the battle; swearing both,  
They prosper best of all when I am thence.  
Would I were dead! if God's good will were so:  
For what is in this world, but grief and woe?  
O God! methinks, it were a happy life,  
To be no better than a homely swain;  
To sit upon a hill, as I do now,  
To carve out dials quaintly, point by point,  
Thereby to see the minutes how they run:  
How many make the hour full complete,  
How many hours bring about the day,  
How many days will finish up the year,  
How many years a mortal man may live.  
When this is known, then to divide the times:  
So many hours must I tend my flock;  
So many hours must I take my rest;  
So many hours must I contemplate;  
So many hours must I sport myself;  
So many days my ewes have been with young;  
So many weeks ere the poor fools will yean;  
So many years ere I shall shear the fleece;  
So minutes, hours, days, weeks, months, and years,  
Pass'd over to the end they were created,  
Would bring white hairs unto a quiet grave.  
Ah, what a life were this! how sweet! how lovely!  
Gives not the hawthorn bush a sweeter shade  
To shepherds, looking on their silly sheep,  
Than doth a rich embroider'd canopy  
To kings, that fear their subjects' treachery?  
O, yes it doth; a thousand fold it doth!  
And to conclude,—the shepherd's homely curds,  
His cold thin drink out of his leather bottle,

His wonted sleep under a fresh tree's shade,  
All which secure and sweetly he enjoys,  
Is far beyond a prince's delicates,  
His viands sparkling in a golden cup,  
His body couched in a curious bed,  
When care, mistrust, and treason wait on him.



## Gloster's Vaulting Ambition.



### KING HENRY VI. Part III.

Act III. — Scene 2.

**T**HY, Edward will use women honourably.  
'Would he were wasted, marrow, bones, and all,  
That from his loins no hopeful branch may spring,  
To cross me from the golden time I look for!  
And yet, between my soul's desire, and me,—  
The lustful Edward's title buried,—  
Is Clarence, Henry, and his son young Edward,  
And all the unlook'd-for issue of their bodies,  
To take their rooms, ere I can place myself:  
A cold premeditation for my purpose!  
Why, then I do but dream on sovereignty;  
Like one that stands upon a promontory,  
And spies a far-off shore where he would tread,  
Wishing his foot were equal with his eye;  
And chides the sea that sunders him from thence,  
Saying, — he'll lade it dry to have his way:  
So do I wish the crown, being so far off;  
And so I chide the means that keep me from it;  
And so I say, — I'll cut the causes off,  
Flattering me with impossibilities.—  
My eye's too quick, my heart o'erweens too much,

Unless my hand and strength could equal them.  
Well, say there is no kingdom then for Richard;  
What other pleasure can the world afford?  
I'll make my heaven in a lady's lap,  
And deck my body in gay ornaments,  
And witch sweet ladies with my words and looks.  
O miserable thought! and more unlikely,  
Than to accomplish twenty golden crowns!  
Why, love forswore me in my mother's womb;  
And, for I should not deal in her soft laws,  
She did corrupt frail nature with some bribe,  
To shrink mine arm up like a wither'd shrub;  
To make an envious mountain on my back,  
Where sits deformity to mock my body;  
To shape my legs of an unequal size;  
To disproportion me in every part,  
Like to chaos, or an unlick'd bear-whelp,  
That carries no impression like the dam.  
And am I then a man to be belov'd?  
O, mounstrous fault, to harbour such a thought!  
Then, since this earth affords no joy to me,  
But to command, to check, to o'erbear such  
As are of better person than myself,  
I'll make my heaven,—to dream upon the crown;  
And, whilsts I live, to account this world but hell,  
Until my mis-shap'd trunk that bears this head,  
Be round impaled with a glorious crown.  
And yet I know not how to get the crown,  
For many lives stand between me and home:  
And I,—like one lost in a thorny wood,  
That rents the thorns, and is rent with the thorns;  
Seeking a way, and straying from the way;  
Not knowing how to find the open air,  
But toiling desperately to find it out,—  
Torment myself to catch the English crown:  
And from that torment I will free myself,

Or hew my way out with a bloody axe.  
Why, I can smile, and murder while I smile;  
And cry, ‘content’, to that which grieves my heart;  
And wet my cheeks with artificial tears,  
And frame my face to all occasions.  
I'll drown more sailors than the mermaid shall;  
I'll slay more gazers than the basilisk;  
I'll play the orator as well as Nestor,  
Deceive more slyly than Ulysses could,  
And, like a Sinon, take another Troy.  
I can add colours to the chameleon;  
Change shapes, with Proteus, for advantages,  
And set the murd'rous Machiavel to school.  
Can I do this, and cannot get a crown?  
Tut! were it farther off, I'll pluck it down.



## Gloster's Aspirations.



### KING RICHARD III.

Act I. — Scene 1.

**N**OW is the winter of our discontent  
Made glorious summer by this sun of York;  
And all the clouds, that lower'd upon our house,  
In the deep bosom of the ocean buried.  
Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths;  
Our bruised arms hung up for monuments;  
Our stern alarums chang'd to merry meetings;  
Our dreadful marches to delightful measures.  
Grim-visag'd war hath smooth'd his wrinkled front;  
And now,—instead of mounting barbed steeds,

To fright the souls of fearful adversaries, —  
He capers nimbly in a lady's chamber,  
To the lascivious pleasing of a lute.  
But I,—that am not shap'd for sportive tricks,  
Nor made to court an amorous looking-glass;  
I, that am rudely stamped, and want love's majesty,  
To strut before a wanton ambling nymph;  
I, that am curtail'd of this fair proportion,  
Cheated of feature by dissembling nature,  
Deform'd, unfinish'd, sent before my time  
Into this breathing world, scarce half made up,  
And that so lamely and unfashionable,  
That dogs bark at me, as I halt by them;—  
Why I, in this weak piping time of peace,  
Have no delight to pass away the time;  
Unless to spy my shadow in the sun,  
And descant on mine own deformity;  
And therefore,—since I cannot prove a lover,  
To entertain these fair well-spoken days,—  
I am determined to prove a villain,  
And hate the idle pleasures of these days.  
Plots have I laid, inductions dangerous,  
By drunken prophecies, libels, and dreams,  
To set my brother Clarence, and the king,  
In deadly hate the one against the other:  
And, if King Edward be as true and just,  
As I am subtle, false, and treacherous,  
This day should Clarence closely be mew'd up;  
About a prophecy, which says—that G  
Of Edward's heirs the murderer shall be.  
And, if I fail not in my deep intent,  
Clarence hath not another day to live:  
Which done, God take king Edward to his mercy,  
And leave the world for me to bustle in!  
For then I'll marry Warwick's youngest daughter:  
What though I kill'd her husband, and her father?

The readiest way to make the wench amends,  
Is — to become her husband, and her father:  
The which will I; not all so much for love,  
As for another secret close intent  
By marrying her, which I must reach unto.  
But yet I run before my horse to market:  
Clarence still breathes; Edward still lives, and reigns;  
When they are gone, then must I count my gains.



## Dream of Clarence.



KING RICHARD III.

Act I. — Scene 4.



I have pass'd a miserable night,  
So full of fearful dreams, of ugly sights,  
That, as I am a Christian faithful man,  
I would not spend another such a night,  
Though 'twere to buy a world of happy days;  
So full of dismal terror was the time.

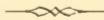
Methought, that I had broken from the Tower,  
And was embark'd to cross to Burgundy;  
And, in my company, my brother Gloster:  
Who from my cabin tempted me to walk  
Upon the hatches; thence we look'd toward England,  
And cited up a thousand heavy times,  
During the wars of York and Lancaster,  
That had befall'n us. As we pac'd along  
Upon the giddy footing of the hatches,  
Methought, that Gloster stumbled; and, in falling,

Struck me, that thought to stay him, over-board,  
Into the tumbling billows of the main.  
O Lord! methought, what pain it was to drown!  
What dreadful noise of water in mine ears!  
What sights of ugly death within mine eyes!  
Methought, I saw a thousand fearful wrecks;  
A thousand men, that fishes gnaw'd upon;  
Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,  
Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels,  
All scatter'd in the bottom of the sea.  
Some lay in dead men's skulls; and in those holes  
Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept,  
As 'twere in scorn of eyes, reflecting gems,  
That wo'd the slimy bottom of the deep,  
And mock'd the dead bones that lay scatter'd by.  
Often did I strive  
To yield the ghost, but still the envious flood  
Kept in my soul, and would not let it forth  
To seek the empty, vast, and wand'ring air,  
But smother'd it within my panting bulk,  
Which almost burst to belch it in the sea.  
My dream was lengthen'd after life!  
O, then began the tempest to my soul!  
I pass'd, methought, the melancholy flood,  
With that grim ferryman which poets write of,  
Unto the kingdom of perpetual night.  
The first that there did greet my stranger soul  
Was my great father-in-law, renouned Warwick,  
Who cry'd aloud,—“What scourge for perjury  
Can this dark monarchy afford false Clarence?”  
And so he vanish'd. Then came wand'ring by  
A shadow, like an angel, with bright hair  
Dabbled in blood; and he shriek'd out aloud,  
“Clarence is come,—false, fleeting, perjur'd Clarence,—  
That stabb'd me in the field by Tewkesbury;—

Seize on him, furies! take him to your torments!"—  
With that, methought, a legion of foul fiends  
Environ'd me, and howled in mine ears  
Such hideous cries, that, with the very noise  
I trembling wak'd, and, for a season after,  
Could not believe but that I was in hell;  
Such terrible impression made my dream.  
O Brakenbury, I have done these things,—  
That now give evidence against my soul,—  
For Edward's sake; and, see how he requites me!—  
O God! if my deep prayers cannot appease thee,  
But thou wilt be aveng'd on my misdeeds,  
Yet execute thy wrath on me alone;  
O, spare my guiltless wife and my poor children!—  
I pray thee, gentle keeper, stay by me;  
My soul is heavy, and I fain would sleep.



## Richmond's Address to the Troops.



KING RICHARD III.

Act V. — Scene 3.

**R**HE sweetest sleep, and fairest-boding dreams,  
That ever enter'd in a drowsy head,  
Have I since your departure had, my lords.  
Methought, their souls, whose bodies Richard  
murder'd,  
Came to my tent, and cried — On! Victory!  
I promise you my heart is very jocund  
In the remembrance of so fair a dream.  
'Tis time to arm, and give direction.—  
More than I have said, loving countrymen,

The leisure and enforcement of the time  
Forbids to dwell on: Yet remember this,—  
God, and our good cause, fight upon our side;  
The prayers of holy saints, and wrunged souls,  
Like high-rear'd bulwarks, stand before our faces;  
Richard except, those, whom we fight against,  
Had rather have us win, than him they follow.  
For what is he they follow? truly, gentlemen,  
A bloody tyrant, and a homicide;  
One rais'd in blood, and one in blood establish'd;  
One that made means to come by what he hath,  
And slaughter'd those that were the means to help him;  
A base foul stone, made precious by the foil  
Of England's chair, where he is falsely set;  
One that hath ever been God's enemy:  
Then, if you fight against God's enemy,  
God will, in justice, ward you as his soldiers;  
If you do sweat to put a tyrant down,  
You sleep in peace, the tyrant being slain;  
If you do fight against your country's foes,  
Your country's fat shall pay your pains the hire;  
If you do fight in safeguard of your wives,  
Your wives shall welcome home the conquerors:  
If you do free your children from the sword,  
Your children's children quit it in your age.  
Then, in the name of God, and all these rights,  
Advance your standards, draw your willing swords:  
For me, the ransom of my bold attempt  
Shall be this cold corpse on the earth's cold face;  
But if I thrive, the gain of my attempt  
The least of you shall share his part thereof.  
Sound, drums and trumpets, boldly and cheerfully;  
God, and St. George! Richmond, and victory!

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## Buckingham's Farewell.

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### HENRY VIII.

Act II. — Scene 1.



ALL good people,  
You that thus far have come to pity me,  
Hear what I say, and then go home and lose me.  
I have this day receiv'd a traitor's judgment,  
And by that name must die; Yet, heaven bear witness,  
And, if I have a conscience, let it sink me,  
Even as the ax falls, if I be not faithful!  
The law I bear no malice for my death,  
It has done, upon the premises, but justice;  
But those, that sought it, I could wish more Christians:  
Be what they will, I heartily forgive them:  
Yet let them look they glory not in mischief,  
Nor build their evils on the graves of great men;  
For then my guiltless blood must cry against them.  
For further life in this world I ne'er hope,  
Nor will I sue, although the king have mercies  
More than I dare make faults. You few that lov'd me,  
And dare be bold to weep for Buckingham,  
His noble friends, and fellows, whom to leave  
Is only bitter to him, only dying,  
Go with me, like good angels, to my end;  
And, as the long divorce of steel falls on me,  
Make of your prayers one sweet sacrifice,  
And lift my soul to heaven.

Sir Thomas Lovell, I as free forgive you,  
As I would be forgiven: I forgive all;  
There cannot be those numberless offences  
'Gainst me, I can't take peace with: no black envy  
Shall make my grave.— Commend me to his grace;

And, if he speak of Buckingham, pray, tell him,  
You met him half in heaven. My vows and prayers  
Yet are the king's; and, till my soul forsake me,  
Shall cry for blessings on him: May he live  
Longer than I have time to tell his years!  
Ever belov'd, and loving, may his rule be!  
And, when old time shall lead him to his end,  
Goodness and he fill up one monument!  
When I came hither, I was Lord High Constable,  
And duke of Buckingham; now, poor Edward Bohun:  
Yet I am richer than my base accusers,  
That never knew what truth meant: I now seal it;  
And with that blood will make them one day groan for 't.  
My noble father, Henry of Buckingham,  
Who first rais'd head against usurping Richard,  
Flying for succour to his servant Banister,  
Being distress'd, was by that wretch betray'd,  
And without trial fell; God's peace be with him!  
Henry the Seventh succeeding, truly pitying  
My father's loss, like a most royal prince,  
Restor'd me to my honours, and, out of ruins,  
Made my name once more noble. Now his son,  
Henry the Eighth, life, honour, name, and all  
That made me happy, at one stroke has taken  
Forever from the world. I had my trial,  
And must needs say, a noble one: which makes me  
A little happier than my wretched father:  
Yet thus far we are one in fortunes,— Both  
Fell by our servants, by those men we lov'd most;  
A most unnatural and faithless service!  
Heaven has an end in all: Yet, you that hear me,  
This from a dying man receive as certain:  
Where you are liberal of your loves, and counsels,  
Be sure you be not loose; for those you make friends,  
And give your hearts to, when they once perceive

The least rub in your fortunes, fall away  
Like water from ye, never found again  
But where they mean to sink ye. All good people,  
Pray for me! I must now forsake ye; the last hour  
Of my long weary life is come upon me.  
Farewell!  
And when you would say something that is sad,  
Speak how I fell.—I have done; and God forgive me!



## Cardinal Wolsey's Reflections on being cast off by Henry VIII.



HENRY VIII.

Act III. — Scene 2.

(King gives papers to Wolsey and departs frowning upon him.)

**W**HAT should this mean?  
What sudden angr's this? how have I reap'd it?  
He parted frowning from me, as if ruin  
Leap'd from his eyes: So looks the chafed lion  
Upon the daring huntsman that has gall'd him;  
Then makes him nothing. I must read this paper;  
I fear the story of his anger. — 'Tis so;  
This paper has undone me: — 'Tis the account  
Of all that world of wealth I have drawn together  
For mine own ends; indeed, to gain the popedom,  
And fee my friends in Rome. O negligence,  
Fit for a fool to fall by! What cross devil  
Made me put this main secret in the packet  
I sent the king? Is there no way to cure this?  
No new device to beat this from his brains?  
I know 'twill stir him strongly; Yet I know

A way, if it take right, in spite of fortune  
Will bring me off again. What's this?— “To the Pope?”  
The letter, as I live, with all the business  
I writ to his holiness. Nay then, farewell!  
I have touch'd the highest point of all my greatness;  
And, from that full meridian of my glory,  
I haste now to my setting; I shall fall  
Like a bright exhalation in the evening,  
And no man see me more.

So, farewell to the little good you bear me.—  
Farewell, a long farewell, to all my greatness!  
This is the state of man: To-day he puts forth  
The tender leaves of hope, to-morrow blossoms,  
And bears his blushing honours thick upon him;  
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost;  
And,—when he thinks, good easy man, full surely  
His greatness is a-ripening,—nips his root,  
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventur'd,  
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,  
These many summers in a sea of glory;  
But far beyond my depth; my high-blown pride  
At length broke under me, and now has left me,  
Weary, and old with service, to the mercy  
Of a rude stream, that must forever hide me.  
Vain pomp, and glory of this world, I hate ye;  
I feel my heart new open'd: O, how wretched  
Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favours!  
There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,  
That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,  
More pangs and fears than wars or women have;  
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,  
Never to hope again.—  
I know myself now; and I feel within me  
A peace above all earthly dignities.  
A still and quiet conscience. The king has cur'd me,

I humbly thank his grace; and from these shoulders,  
These ruin'd pillars, out of pity, taken  
A load would sink a navy, too much honour:  
O, 'tis a burden, Cromwell, 'tis a burden,  
Too heavy for a man that hopes for heaven.

There was the weight that pull'd me down.

O Cromwell,  
The king has gone beyond me; all my glories  
In that one woman I have lost forever.  
No sun shall ever usher forth mine honours,  
Or gild again the noble troops that waited  
Upon my smiles. Go, get thee from me, Cromwell;  
I am a poor fallen man, unworthy now  
To be thy lord and master: Seek the king;  
That sun, I pray, may never set! I have told him  
What, and how true thou art: he will advance thee;  
Some little memory of me will stir him,—  
I know his noble nature — not to let  
Thy hopeful service perish too. Good Cromwell,  
Neglect him not; make use now and provide  
For thine own future safety.  
Cromwell, I did dot think to shed a tear  
In all my miseries; but thou hast forc'd me  
Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman.  
Let's dry our eyes; and thus far hear me, Cromwell;  
And,—when I am forgotten, as I shall be,  
And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention  
Of me more must be heard of,—say, I taught thee,  
Say, Wolsey, that once trod the ways of glory,  
And sounded all the depths and shoals of honour,—  
Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in;  
A sure and safe one, though thy master miss'd it.  
Mark but my fall, and that that ruin'd me,  
Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition!  
By that sin fell the angels; how can man, then,

The image of his Maker, hope to win by't?  
 Love thyself last; cherish those hearts that hate thee;  
 Corruption wins not more than honesty.  
 Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,  
 To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not.  
 Let all the ends thou aim'st at, be thy country's,  
 Thy God's, and truth's; then, if thou fall'st, O Cromwell,  
 Than fall'st a blessed martyr. Serve the king;  
 And,—prithee, lead me in:  
 There take an inventory of all I have,  
 To the last penny; 'tis the king's; my robe,  
 And my integrity to heaven, is all  
 I dare now call my own. O Cromwell, Cromwell!  
 Had I but serv'd my God with half the zeal  
 I serv'd my king, he would not in mine age  
 Have left me naked to mine enemies.

Farewell

The hopes of court! My hopes in heaven do dwell.



## Cranmer's Prophecy of Princess Elizabeth.

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HENRY VIII.

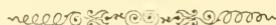
Act V. — Scene 5.

**K**EET me speak, sir,  
 For heaven now bids me; and the words I utter  
 Let none think flattery, for they'll find them truth.  
 This royal infant, (heaven still move about her!)  
 Though in her cradle, yet now promises  
 Upon this land a thousand thousand blessings,  
 Which time shall bring to ripeness: She shall be  
 (But few now living can behold that goodness,)

A pattern to all princes living with her,  
And all that shall succeed: Sheba was never  
More covetous of wisdom and fair virtue,  
Than this pure soul shall be: All princely graces,  
That mould up such a mighty piece as this is,  
With all the virtues that attend the good,  
Shall still be doubled on her: Truth shall nurse her,  
Holy and heavenly thoughts still counsel her:  
She shall be lov'd, and fear'd: Her own shall bless her:  
Her foes shake like a field of beaten corn,  
And hang their heads with sorrow: Good grows with her:  
In her days, every man shall eat in safety  
Under his own vine, what he plants; and sing  
The merry songs of peace to all his neighbours:  
God shall be truly known; and those about her  
From her shall read the perfect ways of honour,  
And by those claim their greatness, not by blood.  
Nor shall this peace sleep with her: But as when  
The bird of wonder dies, the maiden phoenix,  
Her ashes new create another heir,  
As great in admiration as herself;  
So shall she leave her blessedness to one,  
(When heaven shall call her from this cloud of darkness,)  
Who, from the sacred ashes of her honour,  
Shall star-like rise, as great in fame as she was,  
And so stand fix'd: Peace, plenty, love, truth, terror,  
That were the servants to this chosen infant,  
Shall then be his, and like a vine grow to him;  
Wherever the bright sun of heaven shall shine,  
His honour and the greatness of his name  
Shall be, and make new nations: He shall flourish,  
And, like a mountain cedar, reach his branches  
To all the plains about him:—Our children's children  
Shall see this, and bless heaven.

She shall be, to the happiness of England,

An aged princess; many days shall see her,  
 And yet no day without a deed to crown it.  
 'Would I had known no more! but she must die,  
 She must, the saints must have her; yet a virgin,  
 A most unspotted lily shall she pass  
 To the ground, and all the world shall mourn her.



## Othello's Apology.

OTHELLO.

Act I. — Scene 3.

**M**OST potent, grave, and reverend signiors,  
 My very noble and approv'd good masters,—  
 That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,  
 It is most true; true, I have married her  
 The very head and front of my offending  
 Hath this extent, no more. Rude am I in my speech,  
 And little bless'd with the set phrase of peace;  
 For since these arms of mine had seven years' pith  
 Till now some nine moons wasted, they have us'd  
 Their dearest action in the tented field;  
 And little of this great world can I speak,  
 More than pertains to feats of broil and battle;  
 And therefore little shall I grace my cause,  
 In speaking for myself: Yet, by your gracious patience,  
 I will a round unvarnish'd tale deliver  
 Of my whole course of love; what drugs, what charms,  
 What conjuration, and what mighty magic,  
 For such proceeding I am charg'd withal,  
 I won his daughter with.

I do beseech you,

Send for the lady to the Sagittary,  
 And let her speak of me before her father.

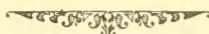
If you do find me foul in her report,  
The trust, the office, I do hold of you,  
Not only take away, but let your sentence  
Even fall upon my life.

And, till she come, as truly as to heaven  
I do confess the vices of my blood,  
So justly to your grave ears I'll present  
How I did thrive in this fair lady's love,  
And she in mine.

Her father lov'd me; oft invited me,  
Still question'd me the story of my life,  
From year to year; the battles, sieges, fortunes,  
That I have pass'd.

I ran it through, even from my boyish days,  
To the very moment that he bade me tell it.  
Wherein I spoke of most disastrous chances,  
Of moving accidents, by flood, and field;  
Of hair-breadth seapes i' the imminent deadly breach;  
Of being taken by the insolent foe,  
And sold to slavery; of my redemption thence,  
And portance in my travel's history:  
Wherein of antres vast, and deserts idle,  
Rough quarries, rocks, and hills whose heads touch heaven,  
It was my hint to speak, such was the process;  
And of the Cannibals that each other eat,  
The Anthropophagi, and men whose heads  
Do grow beneath their shoulders. These things to hear  
Would Desdemona seriously incline:  
But still the house affairs would draw her thence;  
Which ever as she could with haste despatch,  
She'd come again, and with a greedy ear  
Devour up my discourse: Which I observing,  
Took once a pliant hour; and found good means  
To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart  
That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,

Whereof by parcels she had something heard.  
 But not intently: I did consent;  
 And often did beguile her of her tears,  
 When I did speak of some distressful stroke,  
 That my youth suffer'd. My story being done,  
 She gave me for my pains a world of sighs:  
 She swore,— In faith, 'twas strange, 'twas passing strange;  
 'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful:  
 She wish'd, she had not heard it; yet she wish'd  
 That heaven had made her such a man: she thank'd me;  
 And bade me, if I had a friend that lov'd her,  
 I should but teach him how to tell my story,  
 And that would woo her. Upon this hint, I spake:  
 She lov'd me for the dangers I had pass'd;  
 And I lov'd her, that she did pity them.  
 This only is the witchcraft I have us'd;  
 Here comes the lady, let her witness it.



### *Menenius' Speech to the Citizens.*



#### CARIOLANUS.

Act I. — Scene 1.

**M**HAT works, my countrymen, in hand? where  
 go you  
 With bats and clubs? The matter? Speak, I  
 pray you.  
 Why, masters, my good friends, my honest neighbours,  
 Will you undo yourselves?  
 I tell you, friends, most charitable care  
 Have the patricians of you. For your wants,  
 Your suffering in this dearth, you may as well

Strike at the heaven with your staves, as lift them  
Against the Roman state; whose course will on  
The way it takes, cracking ten thousand curbs  
Of more strong link asunder, than can ever  
Appear in your impediment: For the dearth,  
The gods, not the patricians, make it; and  
Your knees to them, not arms, must help. Alack,  
You are transported by calamity  
Thither where more attends you; and you slander  
The helms o' the state, who care for you like fathers,  
When you curse them as enemies.

Either you must  
Confess yourselves wondrous malicious,  
Or be accus'd of folly. I shall tell you  
A pretty tale; it may be, you have heard it;  
But, since it serves my purpose, I will venture  
To scale 't a little more.

There was a time when all the body's members  
Rebell'd against the belly; thus accus'd it:—  
That only like a gulf it did remain  
I' the midst o' the body, idle and unactive,  
Still cupboarding the viand, never bearing  
Like labour with the rest; where the other instruments  
Did see, and hear, devise, instruct, walk, feel,  
And, mutually participate, did minister  
Unto the appetite and affection common  
Of the whole body. The belly answered, —  
With a kind of smile,  
Which ne'er came from the lungs, but even thus,  
(For, look you, I may make the belly smile,  
As well as speak,) it tauntingly replied  
To the discontented members, the mutinous parts  
That envied his receipt; even so most fitly  
As you malign our senators, for that

They are not such as you. I will tell you;  
If you will bestow a small (of what you have little,)  
Patience, awhile, you'll hear the belly's answer.  
Note me this, good friend;  
Your most grave belly was deliberate,  
Not rash like his accusers, and thus answer'd:  
"True is it, my incorporate friends," quoth he,  
"That I receive the general food at first,  
Which you do live upon: and fit it is;  
Because I am the store-house, and the shop  
Of the whole body: But if you do remember,  
I send it through the rivers of your blood,  
Even to the court, the heart,—to the seat o' the brain;  
And, through the cranks and offices of man,  
The strongest nerves, and small inferior veins,  
From me receive that natural competency  
Whereby they live: And though that all at once,  
You, my good friends," (this says the belly,) mark me,—  
"Though all at once cannot  
See what I do deliver out to each;  
Yet I can make my audit up, that all  
From me do back receive the flour of all,  
And leave me but the bran." What say you to 't?  
The senators of Rome are this good belly,  
And you the mutinous members: For examine  
Their counsels, and their cares; digest things rightly,  
Touching the weal o' the common; you shall find  
No public benefit which you receive,  
But it proceeds, or comes, from them to you,  
And no way from yourselves.—What do you think?  
You, the great toe of this assembly?  
For that, being one o' the lowest, basest, poorest,  
Of this most wise rebellion, thou go'st foremost:  
Thou rascal, thou art worst in blood, to run

Lead'st first to win some vantage.—  
But make you ready your stiff bats and clubs;  
Rome and her rats are at the point of battle;  
The one side must have bale.—

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## Menenius Mildly Rebuking the Tribunes.

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CORIOLANUS.

Act II. — Scene 1.

 HIS is strange now. Do you know how you are censured here in the city,— I mean of us o' the right-hand file? do you? O that you could turn your eyes towards the napes of your necks, and make but an interior survey of your good selves! O that you could!

Why, then you should discover a brace of unmeriting, proud, violent, testy magistrates, alias fools, as any in Rome.

I am known to be a humorous patrician, and one that loves a cup of hot wine with not a drop of allaying Tiber in't; said to be something imperfect in favouring the first complaint; hasty and tinder-like upon too trivial motion; one that converses more with the buttock of the night, than with the forehead of the morning. What I think I utter, and spend my malice in my breath. Meeting two such wealsmen as you are—I cannot call you Lycurguses—if the drink you give me touch my palate adversely, I make a crooked face at it. I can't say, your worships have delivered the matter well, when I find the ass in compound with the major part of your syllables; and though I must be content to bear with those that say you are reverend grave men, yet they lie deadly, that tell, you have good faces. If you see this in the map of my microcosm, follows it that

I am known well enough too? What harm can your bisson conspectuities glean out of this character, if I be known well enough too?

You know neither me, yourselves, nor anything. You are ambitious for poor knaves' caps and legs; you wear out a good wholesome forenoon in hearing a cause between an orange-wife and a fosset-seller, and then rejourn the controversy of three-pence to a second day of audience. When you are hearing a matter between party and party, if you chance to be pinched with the colic, you make faces like mumurers, set up the bloody flag against all patience, and dismiss the controversy bleeding, the more entangled by your hearing; all the peace you make in their cause, is, calling both the parties knaves. You are a pair of strange ones.

Our very priests must become mockers, if they shall encounter such ridiculous subjects as you are. When you speak best unto the purpose, it is not worth the wagging of your beards; and your beards deserve not so honourable a grave as to stuff a botcher's cushion, or to be entombed in an ass's pack-saddle. Yet you must be saying, Marcius is proud, who, in a cheap estimation, is worth all your predecessors since Deucalion, though peradventure some of the best of them were hereditary hangmen. More of your conversation would infect my brain, being the herdsmen of the beastly plebians. I will be bold to take my leave of you.



## Timon's Reflections in the Woods.

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### TIMON OF ATHENS.

Act IV. — Scene 3.



BLESSED breeding sun, draw from the earth  
Rotten humidity; below thy sister's orb  
Infect the air! Twinn'd brothers of one womb,—  
Whose procreation, residence, and birth,  
Scarce is dividant,—touch them with several fortunes;  
The greater scorns the lesser: Not nature,  
To whom all sores lay siege, can bear great fortune,  
But by contempt of nature,  
Raise me this beggar, and denude that lord;  
The senator shall bear contempt hereditary,  
The beggar native honour.  
It is the pasture lards the brother's sides,  
The want that makes him lean. Who dares, who dares,  
In purity of manhood stand upright,  
And say, "This man's a flatterer?" If one be,  
So are they all; for every grize of fortune  
Is smooth'd by that below; the learned pate  
Ducks to the golden fool: All is oblique;  
There's nothing level in our cursed natures,  
But direct villainy. Therefore, be abhor'd  
All feasts, societies, and throngs of men!  
His semblable, yea, himself, Timon disdains:  
Destruction fang mankind!—Earth, yield me roots!  
Who seeks for better of thee, sauce his palate [Digging.]  
With thy most operant poison!—What is here?  
Gold? Yellow, glittering, precious gold? No, gods,  
I am no idle votarist. Roots, you clear heavens!  
Thus much of this, will make black, white; foul, fair;

Wrong, right; base, noble; old, young; coward, valiant.  
Ha, you gods! why this? What this, you gods? Why this  
Will lug your priests and servants from your sides;  
Pluck stout men's pillows from below their heads;  
This yellow slave  
Will knit and break religions; bless the accurs'd;  
Make the hoar leprosy ador'd; place thieves,  
And give them title, knee, and approbation,  
With senators on the bench. This is it,  
That makes the wappen'd widow wed again;  
She, whom the spital-house and ulcerous sores  
Would cast the gorge at, this embalms and spices  
To the April day again.—[March afar off.]  
Ha! a drum?—Thou'rt quick,  
But yet I'll bury thee: Thou'l go, strong thief,  
When gouty keepers of thee cannot stand:—  
Nay, stay thou out for earnest. [Keeping some gold.]  
[To Alcibiades.] Put up thy gold; Go on, — here's gold,—  
go on;  
Be as a planetary plague, when Jove  
Will o'er some high-vic'd city hang his poison  
In the sick air: Let not thy sword skip one:  
Pity not honor'd age for his white beard;  
He's a usurer: Strike me the counterfeit matron;  
It is her habit only that is honest;  
Herself's a bawd: Let not the virgin's cheek  
Make soft thy trenchant sword; for those milk-paps,  
That through the window-bars bore at men's eyes,  
Are not within the leaf of pity writ;  
Set them down horrible traitors: Spare not the babe,  
Whose dimpled smiles from fools exhaust their mercy;  
Think it a bastard, whom the oracle  
Hath doubtfully pronounc'd thy throat shall cut,  
And mince in sans remorse: Swear against objects;  
Put armour on thine ears, and on thine eyes;

Whose proof, nor yells of mothers, maids, nor babes,  
Nor sight of priests in holy vestments bleeding,  
Shall pierce a jot. There's gold to pay thy soldiers.  
Consumptions sow  
In hollow bones of men; strike their sharp shins,  
And mar men's spurring. Crack the lawyer's voice,  
That he may never more false title plead,  
Nor sound his quillets shrilly: hoar the flamen,  
That scolds against the quality of flesh,  
And not believes himself: down with the nose,  
Down with it flat; take the bridge quite away  
Of him, that his particular to forsee,  
Smells from the general weal: make curl'd-pate ruffians bald;  
And let the unscarr'd braggarts of the war  
Derive some pain from you: Plague all;  
That your activity may defeat and quell  
The source of all erection.—There's more gold.  
Make large confusion; and, thy fury spent,  
Confounded be thyself! Speak not, be gone.

[Alone. Digging.]

That nature, being sick of man's unkindness,  
Should yet be hungry!—Common mother, thou  
Whose womb unmeasurable, and infinite breast,  
Teems, and feeds all; whose self-same mettle,  
Whereof thy proud child, arrogant man, is puff'd,  
Engenders the black toad, and adder blue,  
The guilded newt, and eyeless venom'd worm,  
With all abhorred births below crisp heaven  
Whereon Hyperion's quickening fire doth shine:  
Yield him, who all thy human sons doth hate,  
From forth thy plenteous bosom, one poor root:  
Ensear thy fertile and conceptionous womb,  
Let it no more bring out ingrateful man!  
Go great with tigers, dragons, wolves, and bears;  
Teem with new monsters, whom thy upward face

Hath to the marbled mansion all above  
 Never presented! — O, a root, — Dear thanks!  
 Dry up thy marrows, vines, and plough-horn leas;  
 Whereof ingrateful man, with liquorish draughts,  
 And morsels unctuous, greases his pure mind,  
 That from it all consideration slips!



## Catharine's Discourse on the Duties of the Wife.



### TAMING OF THE SHREW.

Act V. — Scene 2.

**E**IE! fie! unknit that threat'ning unkind brow;  
 And dart not scornful glances from those eyes,  
 To wound thy lord, thy king, thy governor:  
 It blots thy beauty, as frosts bite the meads;  
 Confounds thy fame, as whirlwinds shake fair buds;  
 And in no sense is meet, or amiable.  
 A woman mov'd, is like a fountain troubled,  
 Muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty;  
 And, while it is so, none so dry or thirsty  
 Will deign to sip, or touch one drop of it.  
 Thy husband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper,  
 Thy head, thy sovereign; one that cares for thee,  
 And for thy maintenance: commits his body  
 To painful labour, both by sea and land;  
 To watch the night in storms, the day in cold,  
 While thou liest warm at home, secure and safe;  
 And craves no other tribute at thy hands,  
 But love, fair looks, and true obedience; —  
 Too little payment for so great a debt.

Such duty as the subject owes the prince,  
Even such, a woman oweth to her husband:  
And when she's foward, peevish, sullen, sour,  
And, not obedient to his honest will,  
What is she, but a foul contending rebel,  
And graceless traitor to her loving lord?—  
I am ashamed, that women are so simple  
To offer war, where they should kneel for peace;  
Or seek for rule, supremacy, and sway,  
When they are bound to serve, love, and obey.  
Why are our bodies soft, and weak, and smooth,  
Unapt to toil and trouble in the world;  
But that our soft conditions, and our hearts,  
Should well agree with our external parts?  
Come, come, you foward and unable worms?  
My mind hath been as big as one of yours,  
My heart as great: my reason, haply, more,  
To bandy word for word, and frown for frown:  
But now, I see our lances are but straws;  
Our strength as weak, our weakness past compare,—  
That seeming to be most, which we least are.  
Then vail your stomachs, for it is no boot;  
And place your hands below your husband's foot:  
In token of which duty, if he please,  
My hand is ready, may it do him ease.



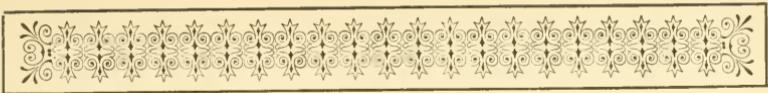




## Dialogues and Scenes.







## Merchant of Venice.

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### Act I. — Scene 3.

**Characters:** *Bassanio, Shylock, and Antonio.*

*Shy.* Three thousand ducats, — well.

*Bass.* Ay, sir, for three months.

*Shy.* For three months, — well.

*Bass.* For the which, as I told you, Antonio shall be bound.

*Shy.* Antonio shall become bound, — well.

*Bass.* May you stead me? Will you pleasure me? Shall I know your answer?

*Shy.* Three thousand ducats, for three months, and Antonio bound.

*Bass.* Your answer to that.

*Shy.* Antonio is a good man.

*Bass.* Have you heard any imputation to the contrary?

*Shy.* Ho, no, no, no, no; — my meaning, in saying he is a good man, is to have you understand me, that he is sufficient. Yet his means are in supposition: he hath an argosy bound to Tripolis, another to the Indies; I understand, moreover, upon the Rialto, he hath a third at Mexico, a fourth for England, — and other ventures he hath, squander'd abroad. But ships are but boards, sailors but men: there be land-rats and water-rats, water-thieves and land-thieves; I mean pirates; and then, there is the peril of waters, winds, and rocks. The man is, notwithstanding, sufficient, — three thousand ducats; — I think, I may take his bond.

*Bass.* Be assured you may.

*Shy.* I will be assured I may; and, that I may be assured, I will bethink me. May I speak with Antonio?

*Bass.* If it please you, to dine with us.

*Shy.* Yes, to smell pork; to eat of the habitation which your prophet, the Nazarite, conjured the devil into. I will buy with you, sell with you, talk with you, walk with you, and so following; but I will not eat with you, drink with you, nor pray with you. What news on the Rialto? Who is he comes here?

*Enter Antonio.*

*Bass.* This is Signior Antonio.

*Shy.* [Aside.] How like a fawning publican he looks! I hate him, for he is a Christian, But more, for that, in low simplicity, He lends out money gratis and brings down The rate of usance here with us in Venice. If I can catch him once upon the hip, I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him. He hates our sacred nation, and he rails, Even there where merchants most do congregate, On me, my bargains, and my well won thrift, Which he calls interest. Cursed be my tribe If I forgive him!

*Bass.* Shylock, do you hear?

*Shy.* I am debating of my present store; And, by the near guess of my memory, I cannot instantly raise up the gross Of full three thousand ducats: What of that? Tubal, a wealthy Hebrew of my tribe, Will furnish me. But soft, how many months Do you desire? [To Ant.] Rest you fair, good signior; Your worship was the last man in our mouths.

*Ant.* Shylock, albeit I neither lend nor borrow, By taking, nor by giving of excess,

Yet, to supply the ripe wants of my friend  
I'll break a custom.—Is he yet possess'd,  
How much you would?

*Shy.* Ay, ay, three thousand ducats.

*Ant.* And for three months.

*Shy.* I had forgot, three months, you told me so.  
Well then, your bond; and, let me see,—But hear you;  
Methought, you said, you neither lend, nor borrow  
Upon advantage.

*Ant.* I do never use it.

*Shy.* When Jacob graz'd his uncle Laban's sheep,  
This Jacob from our holy Abraham was  
As his wise mother wrought in his behalf,  
The third possessor; ay, he was the third.

*Ant.* And what of him? did he take interest?

*Shy.* No, not take interest; not, as you would say,  
Directly interest: mark what Jacob did.  
When Laban and himself were compromis'd,  
That all the eanlings which were streak'd and pied,  
Should fall as Jacob's hire,  
The skilful shepherd peel'd me certain wands  
And stuck them up before the fulsome ewes,  
Who, then conceiving, did in eaning time  
Fall party-colour'd lambs, and those were Jacob's.  
His was a way to thrive, and he was blest;  
And thrift is blessing, if men steal it not.

*Ant.* This was a venture, sir, that Jacob serv'd for;  
A thing not in his power to bring to pass,  
But sway'd and fashion'd by the hand of heaven.  
Was this inserted to make interest good?  
Or is your gold and silver, ewes and rams?

*Shy.* I cannot tell; I make it breed as fast:  
But note me, signior.

*Ant.* Mark you this, Bassanio,  
The devil can cite Scripture for his purpose.

An evil soul, producing holy witness,  
Is like a villain with a smiling cheek;  
A goodly apple rotten at the heart;  
O, what a goodly outside falsehood hath!

*Shy.* Three thousand ducats,—’t is a good round sum.  
Three months from twelve, then, let me see, the rate.—

*Ant.* Well, Shylock, shall we be beholden to you?

*Shy.* Signior Antonio, many a time and oft

In the Rialto you have rated me

About my monies, and my usances:

Still have I borne it with a patient shrug;

For sufferance is the badge of all our tribe:

You call me—misbeliever, cut-throat dog,

And spit upon my Jewish gaberdine,

And all for use of that which is mine own.

Well then, it now appears, you need my help:

Go to, then; you come to me, and you say,

“Shylock, we would have monies;” You say so;

You, that did void your rheum upon my beard,

And foot me, as you spurn a stranger cur

Over you threshold; monies is your suit.

What should I say to you? Should I not say,

“Hath a dog money? is it possible,

A cur can lend three thousand ducats?” Or

Shall I bend low, and in a bondman’s key,

With ’bated breath, and whispering humbleness,

Say this,—

“Fair sir, you spit on me on Wednesday last;

You spurn’d me such a day; another time

You call’d me—dog; and for these courtesies

I’ll lend you thus much monies.”

*Ant.* I am as like to call thee so again,

To spit on thee again, to spurn thee too.

If thou wilt lend this money, lend it not

As to thy friends; for when did friendship take

A breed for barren metal of his friend?  
But lend it rather to thine enemy;  
Who, if he break, thou may'st with better face  
Exact the penalty.

*Shy.* Why, look you, how you storm?  
I would be friends with you, and have your love,  
Forget the shames that you have stain'd me with,  
Supply your present wants, and take no doit  
Of usance for my monies, and you'll not hear me:  
This is kind I offer.

*Ant.* This were kindness.

*Shy.* This kindness will I show:—  
Go with me to a notary, seal me there  
Your single bond; and, in a merry sport,  
If you repay me not on such a day,  
In such a place, such sum, or sums, as are  
Express'd in the condition, let the forfeit  
Be nominated for an equal pound  
Of your fair flesh, to be cut off and taken  
In what part of your body pleaseth me.

*Ant.* Content, in faith; I'll seal to such a bond  
And say, there is much kindness in the Jew.

*Bass.* You shall not seal to such a bond for me,  
I'll rather dwell in my necessity.

*Ant.* Why, fear not, man; I will not forfeit it;  
Within these two months, that's a month before  
This bond expires, I do expect return  
Of thrice three times the value of this bond.

*Shy.* O father Abraham, what these Christians are;  
Whose own hard dealings teaches them suspect  
The thoughts of others! Pray you, tell me this,  
If he should break his day, what should I gain  
By the exaction of the forfeiture?  
A pound of man's flesh, taken from a man,  
Is not so estimable, profitable neither,

As flesh of muttons, beefs, or goats. I say  
To buy his favour, I extend this friendship:  
If he will take it, so; if not, adieu;  
And, for my love, I pray you, wrong me not.

*Ant.* Yes, Shylock, I will seal unto this bond.

*Shy.* Then meet me forthwith at the notary's;  
Give him direction for this merry bond,  
And I will go and purse the ducats straight;  
See to my house, left in the fearful guard  
Of an unthrift knave, and presently  
I will be with you. [Exit Shylock.]

*Ant.* Hie thee, gentle Jew.  
This Hebrew will turn Christian; he grows kind.  
*Bass.* I like not fair terms, and a villain's mind.  
*Ant.* Come on; in this there can be no dismay;  
My ships come home a month before the day.



## Merchant of Venice.



### Act II. — Scene 2.

**Characters:** *Launcelot, Old Gobbo, and Bassanio.*

*Laun.* Certainly my conscience will serve me to run from this Jew, my master: The fiend is at mine elbow; and tempts me, saying to me, "Gobbo, Launcelot Gobbo, good Launcelot, or good Gobbo, or good Launcelot Gobbo, use your legs, take the start, run away:" My conscience says,— "No; take heed, honest Launcelot; take heed, honest Gobbo; or, as aforesaid, honest Launcelot Gobbo; do not run; scorn running with thy heels:" Well, the most courageous fiend bids me pack; "via!" says the fiend; "away!" says the fiend; "for the heavens; rouse up a brave mind," says the fiend,

"and run." Well, my conscience, hanging about the neck of my heart, says very wisely to me, — "My honest friend Launcelot, being an honest man's son," — or rather an honest woman's son; — for, indeed, my father did something smack, something grow to, he had a kind of taste; — well, my conscience says, "Launcelot, budge not." "Budge," says the fiend. "Budge not," says my conscience. "Conscience," say I, "you counsel well;" "Fiend," say I, "you counsel well." To be ruled by my conscience, I should stay with the Jew, my master, who, God bless the mark! is a kind of devil; and, to run away from the Jew, I should be ruled by the fiend, who, saving your reverence, is the devil himself. Certainly, the Jew is the very devil incarnation; and, in my conscience, my conscience is but a kind of hard conscience, to offer to counsel me to stay with the Jew: The fiend gives the more friendly counsel. I will run, fiend; my heels are at your commandment, I will run.

*Enter Old Gobbo, with a basket.*

*Gob.* Master, young man, you, I pray you; which is the way to master Jew's?

*Laun.* [Aside.] O heavens, this is my true begotten father! who, being more than sand-blind, high-gravel-blind, knows me not: — I will try confusions with him.

*Gob.* Master young gentleman, I pray you, which is the way to master Jew's?

*Laun.* Turn up on your right hand, at the next turning, but, at the next turning of all, on your left; marry, at the very next turning, turn of no hand, but turn down indirectly to the Jew's house.

*Gob.* By God's sondies, it will be a hard way to hit. Can you tell me, whether one Launcelot, that dwells with him, dwell with him, or no?

*Laun.* Talk you of young Master Launcelot? Mark me now; [Aside.] now will I raise the waters: — Talk you of young Master Launcelot?

*Gob.* No, master, sir, but a poor man's son; his father, though I say it, is an honest exceeding poor man, and, God be thanked, well to live.

*Laun.* Well, let his father be what he will, we talk of young Master Launcelot.

*Gob.* Your whorship's friend, and Launcelot, sir.

*Laun.* But I pray you *ergo*, old man, *ergo*, I beseech you; Talk you of young Master Launcelot?

*Gob.* Of Launcelot, an't please your mastership.

*Laun.* *Ergo*, Master Launcelot; talk not of master Launce-lot, father; for the young gentleman, (according to fates and destinies, and such odd sayings, the sisters three and such branches of learning,) is, indeed, deceased; or, as you would say, in plain terms, gone to heaven.

*Gob.* Marry, God forbid! the boy was the very staff of my age, my very prop.

*Laun.* Do I look like a cudgel, or a hovel-post, a staff, or a prop? — Do you know me, father?

*Gob.* Alack the day, I know you not, young gentleman: but, I pray you, tell me, is my boy, (God rest his soul!) alive, or dead?

*Laun.* Do you not know me, father?

*Gob.* Alack, sir, I am sand-blind, I know you not.

*Laun.* Nay, indeed, if you had your eyes, you might fail of the knowing me: it is a wise father that knows his own child. Well, old man, I will tell you news of your son: Give me your blessing: truth will come to light; murder cannot be hid long, a man's son may, but, in the end, truth will out.

*Gob.* Pray you, sir, stand up; I am sure, you are not Launcelot, my boy.

*Laun.* Pray you, let's have no more fooling about it, but give me your blessing; I am Launcelot, your boy that was, your son that is, your child that shall be.

*Gob.* I cannot think, you are my son.

*Laun.* I know not what I shall think of that: but I am Launcelot, the Jew's man; and, I am sure, Margery, your wife, is my mother.

*Gob.* Her name is Margery, indeed: I'll be sworn, if thou be Launcelot, thou art mine own flesh and blood. Lord worshipp'd might he be!—what a beard hast thou got! thou hast got more hair on thy chin, than Dobbin, my thill-horse, has on his tail.

*Laun.* It should seem then, that Dobbin's tail grows backward; I am sure, he had more hair on his tail, than I have on my face, when I last saw him.

*Gob.* Lord, how art thou changed! How dost thou and thy master agree? I have brought him a present; How 'gree you now?

*Laun.* Well, well; but, for mine own part, as I have set up my rest to run away, so I will not rest till I have run some ground: my master's a very Jew; Give him a present! give him a halter: I am famish'd in his service; you may tell every finger I have with my ribs. Father, I am glad you are come; give me your present to one Master Bassanio, who, indeed, gives rare new liveries; if I serve not him, I will run as far as God has any ground.—O rare fortune! here comes the man.—To him, father; for I am a Jew, if I serve the Jew any longer.

*Enter Bassanio, with Leonardo and other Followers.*

*Bass.* You may do so;—but let it be so hasted, that supper be ready at the farthest by five of the clock: See these letters deliver'd; put the liveries to making; and desire Gratiato to come anon to my lodging. [Exit a Servant.

*Laun.* To him, father.

*Gob.* God bless your worship!

*Bass.* Gramercy; Wouldst thou aught with me?

*Gob.* Here's my son, sir, a poor boy,—

*Laun.* Not a poor boy, sir, but the rich Jew's man; that would, sir, as my father shall specify,—

*Gob.* He hath a great infection, sir, as one would say, to serve —

*Laun.* Indeed, the short and the long is, I serve the Jew, and have a desire, as my father shall specify, —

*Gob.* His master and he, (saving your worship's reverence,) are scarce cater-cousins:

*Laun.* To be brief, the very truth is, that the Jew, having done me wrong, doth cause me, as my father, being I hope an old man, shall frutify unto you, —

*Gob.* I have here a dish of doves, that I would bestow upon your worship; and my suit is, —

*Laun.* In very brief, the suit is impertinent to myself, as your worship shall know by this honest old man; and, though I say it, though old man, yet, poor man, my father.

*Bass.* One speak for both; — What would you?

*Laun.* Serve you, sir.

*Gob.* That is the very defect of the matter, sir.

*Bass.* I know thee well, thou hast obtain'd thy suit.

Shylock, thy master, spoke with me this day,  
And hath preferr'd thee, if it be preferment,  
To leave a rich Jew's service, to become  
The follower of so poor a gentleman.

*Laun.* The old proverb is very well parted between my master Shylock and you, sir; you have the grace of God, sir, and he hath enough.

*Bass.* Thou speak'st it well: Go, father with thy son: —  
Take leave of thy old master, and enquire  
My lodging out: — Give him a livery [To his followers.]  
More guarded than his fellows'; See it done.

*Laun.* Father, in: — I cannot get a service, no; I have ne'er a tongue in my head. — Well; [Looking on his palm.] if any man in Italy have a fairer table, which doth offer to swear upon a book. — I shall have good fortune; Go to, here's a simple line of life! here's a small trifle of wives: alas, fifteen wives is nothing; eleven widows, and nine maids,

is a simple coming-in for one man: and then, to 'scape drowning thrice; and to be in peril of my life with the edge of a feather-bed;—here are simple 'scapes! Well, if fortune be a woman, she's a good wench for this gear.—Father, come; I'll take my leave of the Jew in the twinkling of an eye.

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## Merchant of Venice.

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### A COURT OF JUSTICE.

Act IV. — Scene 1.

**Characters:** *The Duke, the Magnificoes; Antonio, Bassanio, Gratiano, Salarino, Salanio.*

*Duke.* What, is Antonio here?

*Ant.* Ready, so please your grace.

*Duke.* I am sorry for thee; thou art come to answer  
A strong adversary, an inhuman wretch  
Uncapable of pity, void and empty  
From any dram of mercy.

*Ant.* I have heard,  
Your grace hath ta'en great pains to qualify  
His rigorous course; but since he stands obdurate,  
And that no lawful means can carry me  
Out of his envy's reach, I do oppose  
My patience to his fury; and am arm'd  
To suffer, with a quietness of spirit,  
The very tyranny and rage of his.

*Duke.* Go one, and call the Jew into the court.

*Salan.* He's ready at the door: he comes, my lord.

*Enter Shylock.*

*Duke.* Make room, and let him stand before our face.—  
Shylock, the world thinks, and I think so too,

That thou but lead'st this fashion of thy malice  
To the last hour of act; and then, 'tis thought,  
Thou'l show thy mercy and remorse, more strange  
Than is thy strange apparent cruelty:  
And where thou now exact'st the penalty,  
Which is a pound of this poor merchant's flesh,  
Thou wilt not only loose the forfeiture,  
But touch'd with human gentleness and love,  
Forgive a moiety of the principal;  
Glancing an eye of pity on his losses,  
That have of late so huddled on his back;  
Enow to press a royal merchant down,  
And pluck commiseration of his state  
From brassy bosoms and rough hearts of flint,  
From stubborn Turks, and Tartars, never train'd  
To offices of tender courtesy.  
We all expect a gentle answer, Jew.

*Shy.* I have possess'd your grace of what I purpose;  
And by our holy Sabbath have I sworn,  
To have the due and forfeit of my bond:  
If you deny it, let the danger light  
Upon your charter, and your city's freedom.  
You'll ask me, why I rather choose to have  
A weight of carrion flesh, than to receive  
Three thousand ducats: I'll not answer that  
But, say, it is my humour; is it answer'd?  
What if my house be troubled with a rat,  
And I be pleased to give ten thousand ducats  
To have it baned? What, are you answer'd yet?  
Some men there are, love not a gaping pig;  
Some, that are mad, if they behold a cat;  
And others, at the bag-pipe; For affection,  
Mistress of passion, sways it to the mood  
Of what it likes, or loaths: Now, for your answer:  
As there is no firm reason to be render'd,

Why he cannot abide a gaping pig;  
Why he, a harmless necessary cat;  
Why he, a swollen bag-pipe; but of force  
Must yield to such inevitable shame,  
As to offend, himself being offended;  
So can I give no reason, nor I will not,  
More than a lodg'd hate, and a certain loathing,  
I bear Antonio, that I follow thus  
A losing suit against him. Are you answer'd?

*Bass.* This is no answer, thou unfeeling man,  
To excuse the current of thy cruelty.

*Shy.* I am not bound to please thee with my answer.

*Bass.* Do all men kill the things they do not love?

*Shy.* Hates any man the thing he would not kill?

*Bass.* Every offence is not a hate at first.

*Shy.* What, would'st thou have a serpent sting thee twice?

*Ant.* I pray you, think you question with the Jew:  
You may as well go stand upon the beach,  
And bid the main flood bate his usual height;  
You may as well use question with the wolf,  
Why he hath made the ewe bleat for the lamb;  
You may as well forbid the mountain pines  
To wag their high tops, and to make no noise,  
When they are fretted with the gusts of heaven;  
You may as well do anything most hard,  
As seek to soften that, (than which what's harder?)  
His Jewish heart:— Therefore, I do beseech you,  
Make no more offers, use no further means,  
But with all brief and plain conveniency,  
Let me have judgment, and the Jew his will.

*Bass.* For thy three thousand ducats here is six.

*Shy.* If every ducat in six thousand ducats  
Were in six parts, and every part a ducat,  
I would not draw them, I would have my bond.

*Duke.* How shalt thou hope for mercy, rend'ring none?

*Shy.* What judgment shall I dread, doing no wrong?  
 You have among you many a purchas'd slave,  
 Which, like your asses, and your dogs, and mules,  
 You use in abject and in slavish parts,  
 Because you bought them:— Shall I say to you,  
 Let them be free, marry them to your heirs?  
 Why sweat they under burdens? let their beds  
 Be made as soft as yours, and let their palates  
 Be season'd with such viands? You will answer,  
 The slaves are ours:— So do I answer you:  
 The pound of flesh, which I demand of him,  
 Is dearly bought, is mine, and I will have it:  
 If you deny me, fie upon your law.  
 There is no force in the decrees of Venice:  
 I stand for judgment: answer; shall I have it?

*Duke.* Upon my power, I may dismiss this court,  
 Unless Bellario, a learned doctor,  
 Whom I have sent for to determine this,  
 Come here to-day.

*Salar.* My lord, here stays without  
 A messenger with letters from the doctor,  
 New come from Padua.

*Duke.* Bring us the letters; Call the messenger.  
*Bass.* Good cheer, Antonio! What, man? courage yet!  
 The Jew shall have my flesh, blood, bones and all,  
 Ere thou shalt lose for me one drop of blood.

*Ant.* I am a tainted wether of the flock,  
 Meetest for death; the weakest kind of fruit  
 Drops earliest to the ground; and so let me:  
 You cannot better be employ'd, Bassanio,  
 Than to live still, and write mine epitaph.

*Enter Nerissa, dressed like a lawyer's clerk.*

*Duke.* Came you from Padua, from Bellario?

*Ner.* From both, my lord: Bellario greets your grace.  
 [Presents a letter.

*Bass.* Why dost thou whet thy knife so earnestly?

*Shy.* To cut the forfeiture from that bankrupt there.

*Gra.* Not on thy sole, but on thy soul, harsh Jew,  
Thou mak'st thy knife keen: but no metal can,  
No, not the hangman's ax, bear half the keenness  
Of thy sharp envy. Can no prayers pierce thee?

*Shy.* No, none that thou hast wit enough to make.

*Gra.* O, be thou damn'd inexorable dog!

And for thy life let justice be accus'd.

Thou almost mak'st me waver in my faith,  
To hold opinion with Pythagoras,  
That souls of animals infuse themselves  
Into the trunks of men: thy currish spirit,  
Govern'd a wolf, who, hang'd for human slaughter,  
Even from the gallows did his fell soul fleet,  
And, whilst thou lay'st in thy unhallow'd dam,  
Infus'd itself in thee; for thy desires  
Are wolfish, bloody, starv'd, and ravenous.

*Shy.* Till thou canst rail the seal from off my bond,  
Thou but offend'st thy lungs to speak so loud.  
Repair thy wit, good youth, or it will fall  
To cureless ruin.—I stand here for law.

*Duke.* This letter from Bellario doth commend  
A young and learned doctor to our court:—  
Where is he?

*Ner.* He attendeth here hard by,  
To know your answer, whether you'll admit him.

*Duke.* With all my heart:—Some three or four of you,  
Go give him courteous conduct to this place.—  
Meantime, the court shall hear Bellario's letter.

[Clerk Reads.] Your grace shall understand, that, at the receipt of your letter, I am very sick: but in the instant that your messenger came, in loving visitation was with me a young doctor of Rome, his name is Balthaser. I acquainted him with the cause in controversy between the Jew and

Antonio the merchant: we turned o'er many books together; he is furnish'd with my opinion; which, better'd with his own learning, (the greatness whereof I cannot enough commend,) comes with him, at my importunity, to fill up your grace's request in my stead. I beseech you, let his lack of years be no impediment to let him lack a reverend estimation; for I never knew so young a body with so old a head. I leave him to your gracious acceptance, whose trial shall better publish his commendation.

*Duke.* You hear the learn'd Bellario, what he writes: and here, I take it, is the doctor come.

*Enter Portia, dressed like a doctor of laws.*

Give me your hand: Came you from old Bellario?

*Por.* I did, my lord.

*Duke.* You are welcome: take your place.  
Are you acquainted with the difference  
That holds this present question in the court?

*Por.* I am informed throughly of the cause.  
Which is the merchant here, and which the Jew?

*Duke.* Antonio and old Shylock, both stand forth.

*Por.* Is your name Shylock?

*Shy.* Shylock is my name.  
*Por.* Of a strange nature is the suit you follow;  
Yet in such rule, that the Venetian law  
Cannot impugn you, as you do proceed.—  
You stand within his danger, do you not? [To Ant.]

*Ant.* Ay, so he says.

*Por.* Do you confess the bond?

*Ant.* I do.

*Por.* Then must the Jew be merciful.

*Shy.* On what compulsion must I? tell me that.

*Por.* The quality of mercy is not strain'd;  
It droppeth, as the gentle rain from heaven,  
Upon the place beneath: it is twice bless'd;  
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes:

'Tis mightiest in the mightiest: it becomes  
The throned monarch better than his crown:  
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,  
The attribute to awe and majesty,  
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;  
But mercy is above the sceptr'd sway,  
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,  
It is an attribute to God himself;  
And earthy power doth then show likest God's,  
When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,  
Though justice be thy plea, consider this,—  
That, in the course of justice, none of us  
Should see salvation: we do pray for mercy;  
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render  
The deeds of mercy. I have spoke thus much,  
To mitigate the justice of thy plea;  
Which if thou follow, this strict court of Venice  
Must needs give sentence 'gainst the merchant there.

*Shy.* My deeds upon my head! I crave the law,  
The penalty and forfeit of my bond.

*Por.* Is he not able to discharge the money?

*Bass.* Yes, here I tender it for him in the court;  
Yea, twice the sum: if that will not suffice,  
I will be bound to pay it ten times o'er,  
On forfeit of my hands, my head, my heart;  
If this will not suffice, it must appear  
That malice bears down truth. And I beseech you,  
Wrest once the law to your authority:  
To do a great right, do a little wrong,  
And curb this cruel devil of his will.

*Por.* It must not be; there is no power in Venice  
Can alter a decree established;  
'Twill be recorded for a precedent;  
And many an error, by the same example,  
Will rush into the state; it cannot be.

*Shy.* A Daniel come to judgment! yea, a Daniel! —  
O wise young judge, how do I honour thee!

*Por.* I pray you, let me look upon the bond.

*Shy.* Here 'tis, most reverend doctor, here it is.

*Por.* Shylock, there's thrice thy money offer'd thee.

*Shy.* An oath, an oath, I have an oath in heaven:  
Shall I lay perjury upon my soul?  
No, not for Venice.

*Por.* Why, this bond is forfeit;  
And lawfully by this the Jew may claim  
A pound of flesh, to be by him cut off  
Nearest the merchant's heart: — Be merciful;  
Take thrice thy money; bid me tear the bond.

*Shy.* When it is paid according to the tenour. —  
It doth appear you are a worthy judge;  
You know the law, your exposition  
Hath been most sound: I charge you by the law  
Whereof you are a well-deserving pillar,  
Proceed to judgment: by my soul I swear,  
There is no power in the tongue of man  
To alter me: I stay here on my bond.

*Ant.* Most heartily I do beseech the court  
To give the judgment.

*Por.* Why then, thus it is:  
You must prepare your bosom for his knife:

*Shy.* O noble judge! O excellent young man!

*Por.* For the intent and purpose of the law  
Hath full relation to the penalty,  
Which here appeareth due upon the bond.

*Shy.* 'Tis very true: O wise and upright judge:  
How much more elder art thou than thy looks!

*Por.* Therefore, lay bare your bosom.

*Shy.* Ay, his breast:  
So says the bond: — Doth it not, noble judge? —  
Nearest his heart, those are the very words.

*Por.* It is so. Are there balance here to weigh  
The flesh?

*Shy.* I have them ready.

*Por.* Have by some surgeon, Shylock, on your charge,  
To stop his wounds, lest he do bleed to death.

*Shy.* Is it so nominated in the bond?

*Por.* It is not so express'd; but what of that?  
'Twere good you do so much for charity.

*Shy.* I cannot find it; 'tis not in the bond.

*Por.* Come, merchant, have you anything to say?

*Ant.* But little; I am arm'd, and well prepared.—  
Give me your hand, Bassanio; fare you well!  
Grieve not that I am fallen to this for you;  
For herein fortune shows herself more kind  
Than is her custom: it is still her use,  
To let the wretched man outlive his wealth,  
To view with hallow eye, and wrinkled brow,  
An age of poverty; from which lingering penance  
Of such a misery doth she cut me off.

Commend me to your honourable wife:  
Tell her the process of Antonio's end,—  
Say, how I lov'd you, speak me fair in death;  
And, when the tale is told, bid her be judge,  
Whether Bassanio had not once a love.  
Repent not you that you shall lose your friend,  
And he repents not that he pays your debt;  
For, if the Jew do cut but deep enough,  
I'll pay it instantly with all my heart.

*Bass.* Antonio, I am married to a wife,  
Which is as dear to me as life itself;  
But life itself, my wife, and all the world,  
Are not with me esteem'd above thy life:  
I would lose all, ay, sacrifice them all  
Here to this devil, to deliver you.

*Por.* Your wife would give you little thanks for that,  
If she were by, to hear you make the offer.

*Gra.* I have a wife, whom, I protest, I love;  
I would she were in heaven, so she could  
Entreat some power to change this currish Jew.

*Ner.* 'Tis well you offer it behind her back;  
The wish would make else an unquiet house.

*Shy.* These be the Christian husbands: I have a daughter;  
'Would, any of the stock of Barrabas . . .  
Had been her husband, rather than a Christian. [Aside.  
We trifle time; I pray thee, pursue sentence.

*Por.* A pound of that same merchant's flesh is thine:  
The court awards it, and the law doth give it.

*Shy.* Most rightful judge!

*Por.* And you must cut this flesh from off his breast;  
The law allows it, and the court awards it.

*Shy.* Most learned judge! — A sentence; come, prepare!

*Por.* Tarry a little; — There is something else. —  
This bond doth give thee here no jot of blood;  
The words expressly are, a pound of flesh:  
Take then thy bond, take thou thy pound of flesh;  
But, in the cutting it, if thou dost shed  
One drop of Christian blood, thy lands and goods  
Are, by the laws of Venice, confiscate  
Unto the state of Venice.

*Gra.* O upright judge! — Mark, Jew: — O learned judge!

*Shy.* Is that the law?

*Por.* Thyself shall see the act:  
For, as thou urgest justice, be assur'd  
Thou shalt have justice, more than thou desir'st.

*Gra.* O learned judge! — Mark, Jew: — a learned judge!

*Shy.* I take this offer then; — pay the bond thrice,  
And let the Christian go.

*Bass.* Here is the money.

*Por.* Soft!

The Jew shall have all justice; — soft! — no haste; —  
He shall have nothing but the penalty.

*Gra.* O Jew! an upright judge, a learned judge!

*Por.* Therefore, prepare thee to cut off the flesh.  
Shed thou no blood; nor cut thou less, nor more,  
But just a pound of flesh: if thou tak'st more,  
Or less, than a just pound,— be it but so much  
As makes it light, or heavy, in the substance,  
Or the division of the twentieth part  
Of one poor scruple; nay, if the scale do turn  
But in the estimation of a hair,—  
Thou diest, and all thy goods are confiscate.

*Gra.* A second Daniel, a Daniel, Jew!  
Now, infidel, I have thee on the hip.

*Por.* Why doth the Jew pause? take thy forfeiture.

*Shy.* Give me my principal, and let me go.

*Bass.* I have it ready for thee; here it is.

*Por.* He hath refus'd it in the open court;  
He shall have merely justice, and his bond.

*Gra.* A Daniel, still say I; a second Daniel!—  
I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word.

*Shy.* Shall I not have barely my principal?

*Por.* Thou shalt have nothing but the forfeiture,  
To be so taken at thy peril, Jew.

*Shy.* Why then the devil give him good of it.  
I'll stay no longer question.

*Por.* Tarry, Jew:  
The law hath yet another hold on you.  
It is enacted in the laws of Venice,—  
If it be prov'd against an alien,  
That by direct or indirect attempts,  
He seek the life of any citizen,  
The party, 'gainst the which he doth contrive,  
Shall seize one-half his goods; the other half  
Comes to the privy coffer of the state;  
And the offender's life lies in the mercy  
Of the duke only, 'gainst all other voice.

In which predicament, I say, thou stand'st:  
For it appears by manifest proceeding,  
That, indirectly, and directly too,  
Thou hast contriv'd against the very life  
Of the defendant; and thou hast incurr'd  
The danger formerly by me rehears'd.  
Down, therefore, and beg mercy of the duke.

*Gra.* Beg, that thou may'st have leave to hang thyself:  
And yet, thy wealth being forfeit to the state,  
Thou hast not left the value of a cord;  
Therefore, thou must be hang'd at the state's charge.

*Duke.* That thou shalt see the difference of our spirit,  
I pardon thee thy life before thou ask it:  
For half thy wealth, it is Antonio's;  
The other half comes to the general state,  
Which humbleness may drive unto a fine.

*Por.* Ay, for the state; not for Antonio.

*Shy.* Nay, take my life and all, pardon not that:  
You take my house, when you do take the prop  
That doth sustain my house; you take my life,  
When you do take the means whereby I live.

*Por.* What mercy can you render him, Antonio?

*Gra.* A halter gratis; nothing else, for God's sake.

*Ant.* So please my lord the duke, and all the court,  
To quit the fine for one half of his goods;  
I am content, so he will let me have  
The other half in use,— to render it,  
Upon his death, unto the gentleman  
That lately stole his daughter:  
Two things provided more,— That, for this favour,  
He presently become a Christian;  
The other, that he do record a gift,  
Here in the court, of all he dies possess'd,  
Unto his son Lorenzo, and his daughter.

*Duke.* He shall do this; or else I do recant  
The pardon, that I late pronounced here.

*Por.* Art thou contented, Jew? what dost thou say?

*Shy.* I am content.

*Por.* Clerk, draw a deed of gift.

*Shy.* I pray you, give me leave to go from hence;  
I am not well; send the deed after me,  
And I will sign it.

*Duke.* Get thee gone, but do it.



## HAMLET.



Act I. — Scene 5.

Characters: Hamlet and Ghost.

*Enter Ghost.*

*Ham.* Angels and ministers of grace defend us!  
Be thou a spirit of health, or goblin damn'd,  
Bring with thee airs from heaven, or blasts from hell,  
Be thy intents wicked, or charitable,  
Thou coi'nst in such a questionable shape,  
That I will speak to thee; I'll call thee, Hamlet,  
King, father, royal Dane: O, answer me:  
Let me not burst in ignorance! but tell,  
Why thy canonized bones, hearsed in death,  
Have burst their cerements! why the sepulchre,  
Wherein we saw thee quietly in-urn'd,  
Hath op'd his ponderous and marble jaws,  
To cast thee up again! What may this mean,  
That thou, dead corse, again, in complete steel,  
Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon,  
Making night hideous; and we fools of nature,

So horridly to shake our disposition,  
With thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls?  
Say, why is this? wherefore? what should we do?  
Whither wilt thou lead me? speak, I'll go no further.

*Ghost.* Mark me.

*Ham.* I will.

*Ghost.* My hour is almost come,  
When I to sulphurous and tormenting flames  
Must render up myself.

*Ham.* Alas, poor ghost!

*Ghost.* Pity me not, but lend thy serious hearing  
To what I shall unfold.

*Ham.* Speak, I am bound to hear.

*Ghost.* So art thou to revenge, when thou shalt hear.

*Ham.* What?

*Ghost.* I am thy father's spirit;  
Doom'd for a certain term to walk the night  
And, for the day, confin'd to fast in fires,  
Till the foul crimes, done in my days of nature,  
Are burnt and purg'd away. But that I am forbid  
To tell the secrets of my prison-house,  
I could a tale unfold, whose lightest word  
Would harrow up thy soul; freeze thy young blood;  
Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres;  
Thy knotted and combined locks to part,  
Like quills upon the fretful porcupine:  
But this eternal blazon must not be  
To ears of flesh and blood:— List, list, O list! —  
If thou didst ever thy dear father love, —

*Ham.* O heaven!

*Ghost.* Revenge his foul and most unnatural murder.

*Ham.* Murder?

*Ghost.* Murder most foul, as in the best it is;  
But this most foul, strange, and unnatural.  
*Ham.* Haste me to know it; that I, with wings as swift

As meditation, or the thoughts of love,  
May sweep to my revenge.

*Ghost.* I find thee apt; —  
And duller should'st thou be than the fat weed  
That rots itself in ease on Lethe wharf,  
Wouldst thou not stir in this. Now, Hamlet, hear:  
'Tis given out, that sleeping in mine orchard,  
A serpent stung me; so the whole ear of Denmark  
Is by a forged process of my death  
Rankly abus'd: But know, thou noble youth,  
The serpent that did sting thy father's life,  
Now wears his crown.

*Ham.* O, my prophetic soul! my uncle!

*Ghost.* Ay, that incestuous, that adulterate beast,  
With witchcraft of his wit, with traitorous gifts,  
(O wicked wit, and gifts, that have the power  
So to seduce!) won to his shameful lust  
The will of my most seeming virtuous queen:  
O, Hamlet, what a falling-off was there!  
From me, whose love was that of dignity,  
That it went hand in hand even with the vow  
I made to her in marriage; and to decline  
Upon a wretch, whose natural gifts were poor  
To those of mine!  
But virtue, as it never will be mov'd,  
Though lewdness court it in a shape of heaven;  
So lust, though to a radiant angel link'd,  
Will sate itself in a celestial bed,  
And prey on garbage.  
But, soft! methinks, I scent the morning air;  
Brief let me be: — Sleeping within mine orchard,  
My custom always of the afternoon,  
Upon my secure hour thy uncle stole,  
With juice of cursed hebenon in a vial,  
And in the porches of mine ears did pour

The leperous distilment; whose effect  
Holds such an enmity with blood of man,  
That, swift as quicksilver, it courses through  
The natural gates and alleys of the body;  
And, with a sudden vigour, it doth posset  
And curd, like eager droppings into milk,  
The thin and wholesome blood; so did it mine;  
And a most instant tetter bark'd about,  
Most lazarus-like, with vile and loathsome ernst,  
All my smooth body.

Thus was I, sleeping, by a brother's hand,  
Of life, of crown, of queen, at once despatch'd:  
Cut off even in the blossoms of my sin,  
Unhousel'd, disappointed, unanel'd;  
No reckoning made, but sent to my account  
With all my imperfections on my head:  
O, horrible! O, horrible! most horrible!  
If thou hast nature in thee, bear it not;  
Let not the royal bed of Denmark be  
A couch for luxury and damned incest.  
But, howsoever thou pursu'st this act,  
Taint not thy mind, nor let thy soul contrive  
Against thy mother aught; leave her to heaven,  
And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge,  
To prick and sting her. Fare thee well at once!  
The glow-worm shows the matin to be near,  
And 'gins to pale his uneffectual fire:  
Adieu, adieu, adieu! remember me.

[Exit.]

*Ham.* O all you host of heaven! O earth! What else?  
And shall I couple hell?—O fie!—Hold, hold my heart;  
And you, my sinews, grow not instant old,  
But bear me stiffly up!—Remember thee?  
Ay, thou poor ghost, while memory holds a seat  
In this distracted globe. Remember thee?  
Yea, from the table of my memory

I'll wipe away all trivial fond records,  
 All saws of books, all forms, all pressures past,  
 That youth and observation copied there;  
 And thy commandment all alone shall live  
 Within the book and volume of my brain,  
 Unmix'd with baser matter: yes, by heaven.  
 O most pernicious woman!  
 O villain, villain, smiling, damned villain!  
 My tables,— meet it is, I set it down,  
 That one may smile, and smile, and be a villain;  
 At least, I am sure, it may be so in Denmark: [Writing  
 So, uncle, there you are. Now to my word;  
 It is, *Adieu, adieu! remember me.*  
 I have sworn't.



## HAMLET.

—o—

### Act III. — Scene 4.

**Characters:** Hamlet, the Queen, and Ghost.

*Ham.* Now, mother, what's the matter?

*Queen.* Hamlet, thou hast thy father much offended.

*Ham.* Mother, you have my father much offended.

*Queen.* Come, come, you answer with an idle tongue.

*Ham.* Go, go, you question with a wicked tongue.

*Queen.* Why, how now, Hamlet?

*Ham.* What's the matter now?

*Queen.* Have you forgot me?

*Ham.* No, by the rood, not so:

You are the queen, your husband's brother's wife;

And,—'would it were not so!—you are my mother.

*Queen.* Nay, then I'll set those to you that can speak.

*Ham.* Come, come, and sit you down; you shall not budge;

You go not, till I set you up a glass  
Where you may see the inmost part of you.

*Queen.* What wilt thou do? thou wilt not murder me?  
Help, help, ho!

*Pol.* [Behind.] What, ho! help!

*Ham.* How now! a rat? [Draws.  
Dead, for a ducat, dead.

[Ham. makes a pass through the Arras.]

*Pol.* [Behind.] O, I am slain. [Falls and dies.

*Queen.* O me, what hast thou done?

*Ham.* Nay, I know not:  
Is it the king?

[Lifts up the Arras, and draws forth Pol.

*Queen.* O, what a rash and bloody deed is this!  
*Ham.* A bloody deed;—almost as bad, good mother,  
As kill a king, and marry with his brother.

*Queen.* As kill a king!

*Ham.* Ay, lady, 'twas my word.—  
Thou wretched, rash, intruding fool, farewell! [To Pol.  
I took thee for thy better; take thy fortune:  
Thou find'st, to be too busy, is some danger.—  
Leave wringing your hands: Peace; sit you down,  
And let me wring your heart; for so I shall,  
If it be made of penetrable stuff;  
If damned custom have not braz'd it so,  
That it be proof and bulwark against sense.

*Queen.* What have I done, that thou dar'st wag thy tongue  
In noise so rude against me?

*Ham.* Such an act,  
That blurs the grace and blush of modesty;  
Calls virtue, hypocrite; takes off the rose  
From the fair forehead of an innocent love,  
And sets a blister there; makes marriage vows  
As false as dicers' oaths: O, such a deed  
As from the body of contraction plucks

The very soul; and sweet religion makes  
A rhapsody of words: Heaven's face doth glow;  
Yea, this solidity and compound mass,  
With tristful visage, as against the doom,  
Is thought-sick at the act.

*Queen.*                                    Ah me, what act,  
That roars so loud, and thunders in the index?

*Ham.* Look here, upon this picture, and on this;  
The counterfeit presentment of two brothers.  
See, what a grace was seated on this brow:  
Hyperion's curls; the front of Jove himself;  
An eye like Mars, to threaten and command;  
A station like the herald Mercury,  
New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill;  
A combination, and a form, indeed,  
Where every god did seem to set his seal,  
To give the world assurance of a man:  
This was your husband. — Look you now, what follows:  
Here is your husband; like a mildew'd ear,  
Blasting his wholesome brother. Have you eyes?  
Could you on this fair mountain leave to feed,  
And batten on this moor? Ha! have you eyes?  
You cannot call it, love: for, at your age,  
The hey-day in the blood is tame, it's humble,  
And waits upon the judgment. And what judgment  
Would step from this to this? Sense, sure, you have,  
Else, could you not have motion: But, sure, that sense  
Is apoplex'd; for madness would not err;  
Nor sense to ecstasy was ne'er so thrall'd,  
But it reserv'd some quantity of choice,  
To serve in such a difference. What devil was't,  
That thus hath cozen'd you at hoodman-blind?  
Eyes without feeling, feeling without sight,  
Ears without hands or eyes, smelling sans all,  
Or but a sickly part of one true sense

Could not so mope.

O shame! where is thy blush? Rebellious hell,  
If thou canst mutine in a matron's bones,  
To flaming youth let virtue be as wax,  
And melt in her own fire; proclaim no shame,  
When the compulsive ardour gives the charge;  
Since frost itself as actively doth burn,  
And reason panders will.

*Queen.* O Hamlet, speak no more:  
Thou turn'st mine eyes into my very soul;  
And there I see such black and grained spots,  
As will not leave their tinct.

*Ham.* Nay, but to live  
In the rank sweat of an enseamed bed;  
Stew'd in corruption; honeying, and making love  
Over the nasty style;—

*Queen.* O, speak to me no more;  
These words, like daggers enter into mine ears;  
No more, sweet Hamlet.

*Ham.* A murderer and a villain:  
A slave, that is not twentieth part the tythe  
Of your precedent lord:— a vice of kings:  
A cutpurse of the empire and the rule;  
That from a shelf the precious diadem stole,  
And put it in his pocket!

*Queen.* No more.

*Enter Ghost.*

*Ham.* A king  
Of shreds and patches:  
Save me, and hover o'er me with your wings,  
You heavenly guards! — What would your gracious figure?

*Queen.* Alas, he's mad.

*Ham.* Do you not come your tardy son to chide  
That, laps'd in time and passion, lets go by  
The important acting of your dread command?

O, say!

*Ghost.* Do not forget: This visitation  
Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose.  
But, look! amazement on thy mother sits:  
O, step between her and her fighting soul;  
Conceit in weakest bodies strongest works;  
Speak to her, Hamlet.

*Ham.* How is it with you, lady?

*Queen.* Alas, how is't with you?  
That you do bend your eye on vacancy,  
And with the incorporal air do hold discourse?  
Forth at your eyes your spirits wildly peep;  
And, as the sleeping soldiers in the alarm,  
Your bedded hair, like life in excrements,  
Starts up, and stands on end. O gentle son,  
Upon the heat and flame of thy distemper  
Sprinkle cool patience. Whereon do you look?

*Ham.* On him! on him! — Look you, how pale he glares!  
His form and cause conjoin'd, preaching to stones,  
Would make them capable. — Do not look upon me;  
Lest, with this piteous action, you convert  
My stern effects; then what I have to do  
Will want true colour; tears, perchance, for blood.

*Queen.* To whom do you speak this?

*Ham.* Do you see nothing there?

*Queen.* Nothing at all; yet all, that is, I see.

*Ham.* Nor did you nothing hear?

*Queen.* No, nothing, but ourselves.

*Ham.* Why, look you there! look, how it steals away!  
My father, in his habit as he liv'd!

Look, where he goes, even now, out at the portal!

[Exit Ghost.]

*Queen.* This is the very coinage of your brain:  
This bodiless creation ecstasy  
Is very cunning in.

*Ham.* Ecstasy!

My pulse, as yours, doth temperately keep time,  
 And makes as healthful music: It is not madness,  
 That I have utter'd; bring me to the test,  
 And I the matter will re-word; which madness  
 Would gambol from. Mother, for love of grace,  
 Lay not that flattering unction to your soul,  
 That not your trespass, but my madness speaks:  
 It will but skin and film the ulcerous place;  
 Whilst rank corruption, mining all within,  
 Infects unseen. Confess yourself to heaven;  
 Repent what's past; avoid what is to come;  
 And do not spread the compost on the weeds,  
 To make them ranker. Forgive me this my virtue:  
 For in the fatness of these pursy times,  
 Virtue itself of vice must pardon beg;  
 Yea, curb and woo, for leave to do him good.

*Queen.* O Hamlet! thou hast cleft my heart in twain.

*Ham.* O, throw away the worser part of it,  
 And live the purer with the other half.  
 Good night: But go not to my uncle's bed;  
 Assume a virtue, if you have it not.  
 That monster, custom, who all sense doth eat  
 Of habit's devil, is angel yet in this;  
 That to the use of actions fair and good  
 He likewise gives a frock, or livery,  
 That aptly is put on: Refrain to-night;  
 And that shall lend a kind of easiness  
 To the next abstinence; the next more easy;  
 For use almost can change the stamp of nature,  
 And either curb the devil, or throw him out  
 With wondrous potency. Once more, good night,  
 And when you are desirous to be bless'd,  
 I'll blessing beg of you.— For this same lord,

[Pointing to Polonius.]

I do repent: But heaven hath pleased it so,—

To punish me with this, and this with me,  
That I must be their scourge and minister.  
I will bestow him, and answer well  
The death I gave him. So, again, good night!—  
I must be cruel, only to be kind:  
Thus bad begins, and worse remains behind.



## Cassius instigating Brutus against Caesar.



CAESAR.

Act I. — Scene 2.

*Cass.* Brutus, I do observe you now of late:  
I have not from your eyes that gentleness,  
And show of love, as I was want to have:  
You bear too stubborn and too strange a hand  
Over your friend that loves you.

*Brut.* Cassius,  
Be not deceived: If I have veil'd my look,  
I turn the trouble of my countenance  
Merely upon myself. Vexed I am,  
Of late, with passions of some difference,  
Conceptions only proper to myself,  
Which give some soil, perhaps, to my behaviours:  
But let not therefore my good friends be griev'd;  
(Among which number, Cassius, be you one;) Nor construe any further my neglect,  
Than that poor Brutus, with himself at war,  
Forgets the shows of love to other men.

*Cass.* Then, Brutus, I have much mistook your passion;  
By means whereof, this breast of mine hath buried

Thoughts of great value, worthy cogitations.  
Tell me, good Brutus, can you see your face?

*Brut.* No, Cassius; for the eye sees not itself,  
But by reflection, by some other things.

*Cass.* 'Tis just:  
And it is very much lamented, Brutus,  
That you have no such mirrors, as will turn  
Your hidden worthiness into your eye,  
That you might see your shadow. I have heard,  
Where many of the best respect in Rome,  
(Except immortal Caesar,) speaking of Brutus,  
And groaning underneath this age's yoke,  
Have wished that noble Brutus had his eyes.

*Brut.* Into what dangers would you lead me, Cassius,  
That you would have me seek into myself  
For that which is not in me?

*Cass.* Therefore, good Brutus, be prepared to hear:  
And, since you know you cannot see yourself  
So well as by reflection, I, your glass,  
Will modestly discover to yourself  
That of yourself which you yet know not of.  
And be not jealous of me, gentle Brutus:  
Were I a common laugher, or did use  
To stale with ordinary oaths my love  
To every new protester; if you know  
That I do fawn on men, and hug them hard,  
And after scandal them; or if you know  
That I profess myself in banqueting  
To all the rout, then hold me dangerous. [Shouts heard.]

*Brut.* What means this shouting? I do fear, the people  
Choose Caesar for their king.

*Cass.* Ay, do you fear it?  
Then must I think you would not have it so.

*Brut.* I would not, Cassius; yet I love him well:—  
But wherefore do you hold me here so long?

What is it that you would impart to me?  
If it be aught toward the general good,  
Set honour in one eye, and death i' the other,  
And I will look on both indifferently:  
For, let the gods so speed me, as I love  
The name of honour more than I fear death.

*Cass.* I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus,  
As well as I do know your outward favour.—  
Well, honour is the subject of my story.—  
I cannot tell, what you and other men  
Think of this life: but, for my single self,  
I had as lief not be, as live to be  
In awe of such a thing as I myself.  
I was born free as Caesar; so were you:  
We both have fed as well; and we can both  
Endure the winter's cold as well as he.  
For once, upon a raw and gusty day,  
The troubled Tiber chafing with her shores,  
Caesar said to me, “Dar'st thou, Cassius, now  
Leap in with me into this angry flood,  
And swim to yonder point?”—Upon the word,  
Accouter'd as I was, I plunged in,  
And bade him follow: So indeed, he did.  
The torrent roar'd; and we did buffet it  
With lusty sinews; throwing it aside  
And stemming it with hearts of controversy.  
But ere we could arrive the point propos'd,  
Caesar cried, “Help me, Cassius, or I sink.”  
I, as Aeneas, our great ancestor,  
Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder  
The old Anchises bear, so, from the waves of Tiber  
Did I the tired Caesar. And this man  
Is now become a god; and Cassius is  
A wretched creature, and must bend his body,  
If Caesar carelessly but nod on him.

He had a fever when he was in Spain,  
 And, when the fit was on him, I did mark  
 How he did shake: 'tis true, this god did shake:  
 His coward lips did from their colour fly;  
 And that same eye, whose bend doth awe the world,  
 Did lose his lustre: I did hear him groan:  
 Ay, and that tongue of his, that bade the Romans  
 Mark him, and write his speeches in their books,  
 Alas! it cried, "Give me some drink, Titinius,"  
 As a sick girl. Ye gods, it doth amaze me,  
 A man of such a feeble temper should  
 So get the start of the majestic world,  
 And bear the palm alone. [Shouts heard.]

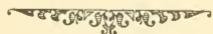
*Brut.* Another general shout!  
 I do believe, that these applauses are  
 For some new honours that are heap'd on Caesar.

*Cass.* Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world,  
 Like a Collossus; and we petty men  
 Walk under his huge legs, and peep about  
 To find ourselves dishonourable graves.  
 Men at some time are masters of their fates:  
 The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,  
 But in ourselves, that we are underlings.  
 Brutus, and Caesar: What should be in that Caesar?  
 Why should that name be sounded more than yours?  
 Write them together, yours is as fair a name;  
 Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well;  
 Weigh them, it is as heavy; conjure with them,  
 Brutus will start a spirit as soon as Caesar. [Shout.]  
 Now in the names of all the gods at once,  
 Upon what meat doth this our Caesar feed,  
 That he is grown so great? Age, thou art sham'd!  
 Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods!  
 When went there by an age, since the great flood,  
 But it was famed with more than one man?

When could they say, till now, that talk'd of Rome,  
That her wide walls encompass'd but one man?  
Now is it Rome indeed, and room enough,  
When there is in it but one only man.  
O! you and I have heard our fathers say,  
There was a Brutus once, that would have brook'd  
The eternal devil to keep his state in Rome,  
As easily as a king.

*Brut.* That you do love me, I am nothing jealous;  
What you would work me to, I have some aim;  
How I have thought of this, and of these times,  
I shall recount hereafter; for this present,  
I would not, so with love I might entreat you,  
Be any further mov'd. What you have said,  
I will consider; what you have to say,  
I will with patience hear; and find a time  
Both meet to hear, and answer such high things.  
Till then, my noble friend, chew upon this;  
Brutus had rather be a villager,  
Than to repute himself a son of Rome  
Under these hard conditions as this time  
Is like to lay upon us.

*Cass.* I am glad that my weak words  
Have struck but thus much show of fire from Brutus.



## Antony Lamenting over the Dead Body of Caesar.

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CAESAR.

Act III. — Scene 1.

**Characters:** *Antony, Brutus, and Cassius.*

*Ant.* O mighty Caesar! Dost thou lie so low?  
Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,  
Shrunk to this little measure? — Fare thee well.—  
I know not, gentlemen, what you intend,  
Who else must be let blood, who else is rank:  
If I myself, there is no hour so fit  
As Caesar's death's hour; nor no instrument  
Of half that worth, as those your swords, made rich  
With the most noble blood of all this world.  
I do beseech ye, if you bear me hard,  
Now, whilst your purple hands do reek and smoke,  
Fulfil your pleasure. Live a thousand years,  
I shall not find myself so apt to die:  
No place will please me so, no mean of death,  
As here by Caesar, and by you cut off,  
The choice and master spirits of this age.

*Brut.* O Antony! beg not your death of us,  
Though now we must appear bloody and cruel,  
As, by our hands, and this our present act,  
You see we do; yet you see but our hands,  
And this the bleeding business they have done:  
Our hearts you see not; they are pitiful;  
And pity to the general wrong of Rome,  
(As fire drives out fire, so pity, pity,) Hath done this deed on Caesar. For your part,

To you our swords have leaden points, Mark Antony:  
Our arms in strength of malice, and our hearts,  
Of brother's temper, do receive you in  
With all kind love, good thoughts, and reverence.

*Cass.* Your voice shall be as strong as any man's,  
In the disposing of new dignities.

*Brut.* Only be patient, till we have appeas'd  
The multitude, beside themselves with fear,  
And then we will deliver you the cause,  
Why I, that did love Caesar when I struck him,  
Have thus proceeded.

*Ant.* I doubt not your wisdom.  
Let each man render me his bloody hand:  
First, Marcus Brutus, will I shake with you:—  
Next, Caius Cassius, do I take your hand;—  
Now, Decius Brutus, yours; — now yours, Metellus;  
Yours, Cinna; — and, my valiant Casca, yours:—  
Though last, not least in love, yours, good Trebonius.  
Gentlemen all,— alas! what shall I say?  
My credit now stands on such slippery ground,  
That one of two bad ways you must conceit me,  
Either a coward or a flatterer.—  
That I did love thee, Caesar, O, 'tis true:  
If then thy spirit look upon us now,  
Shall it not grieve thee, dearer than thy death,  
To see thy Antony making his peace,  
Shaking the bloody fingers of thy foes,  
Most noble! in the presence of thy corse?  
Had I as many eyes as thou hast wounds,  
Weeping as fast as they stream forth thy blood,  
It would become me better, than to close  
In terms of friendship with thine enemies.  
Pardon me, Julius! — Here wast thou bay'd, brave hart;  
Here didst thou fall; and here thy hunters stand,  
Sign'd in the spoil, and crimson'd in thy lethe.

O world! thou wast the forest to this hart;  
And this, indeed, O world, the heart of thee.—  
How like a deer, stricken by many princes,  
Dost thou here lie?

*Cass.* Mark Antony, — —

*Ant.* Pardon me, Caius Cassius:  
The enemies of Caesar shall say this;  
Then, in a friend, it is cold modesty.

*Cass.* I blame you not for praising Caesar so;  
But what compact mean you to have with us?  
Will you be prick'd in number of our friends;  
Or shall we on, and not depend on you?

*Ant.* Therefore I took your hands; but was, indeed,  
Sway'd from the point, by looking down on Caesar;  
Friends I am with you all, and love you all;  
Upon this hope, that you shall give me reasons,  
Why and wherein, Caesar was dangerous.

*Brut.* Or else were this a savage spectacle:  
Our reasons are so full of good regard,  
That were you, Antony, the son of Caesar,  
You should be satisfied.

*Ant.* That's all I ask;  
And am moreover suitor, that I may  
Produce his body to the market-place;  
And in the pulpit, as becomes a friend,  
Speak in the order of his funeral.

*Brut.* You shall, Mark Antony.

*Cass.* Brutus, a word with you.—  
You know not what you do. Do not consent, [Aside.  
That Antony speak in his funeral:  
Know you how much the people may be mov'd,  
By that which he will utter?

*Brut.* By your pardon;—  
I will myself into the pulpit first,  
And show the reason of our Caesar's death:

What Antony shall speak, I will protest  
He speaks by leave and by permission:  
And that we are contented, Caesar shall  
Have all true rights and lawful ceremonies.  
It shall advantage more, than do us wrong.

*Cass.* I know not what may fall; I like it not.

*Brut.* Mark Antony, here, take you Caesar's body.  
You shall not in your funeral speech blame us,  
But speak all good you can devise of Caesar;  
And say you do't by our permission;  
Else shall you not have any hand at all  
About his funeral: And you shall speak  
In the same pulpit whereto I am going,  
After my speech is ended.

*Ant.* Be it so;  
I desire no more.

*Brut.* Prepare the body then, and follow us.

[*Exeunt* all but Ant.]

*Ant.* O, pardon me, thou piece of bleeding earth,  
That I am meek and gentle with these butchers!  
Thou art the ruins of the noblest man,  
That ever lived in the tide of times.  
Woe to the hands that shed this cotly blood!  
Over thy wounds now do I prophecy,—  
Which, like dumb mouths, do ope their ruby lips,  
To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue;—  
A curse shall light upon the limbs of men;  
Domestic fury, and fierce civil strife,  
Shall cumber all the parts of Italy:  
Blood and destruction shall be so in use,  
And dreadful objects so familiar,  
That mothers shall but smile, when they behold  
Their infants quarter'd with the hands of war;  
All pity chok'd with custom of fell deeds:  
And Caesar's spirit, ranging for revenge,

With Até by his side, come hot from hell,  
 Shall in these confines, with a monarch's voice,  
 Cry "Havoc," and let slip the dogs of war;  
 That this foul deed shall smell above the earth  
 With carion men, groaning for burial.



## Quarrel between Brutus and Cassius.

CAESAR.

Act IV. — Scene 3.

*Cass.* That you have wrong'd me, doth appear in this:  
 You have condemn'd and noted Lucius Pella,  
 For taking bribes here of the Sardians;  
 Wherein, my letters, praying on his side,  
 Because I knew the man, were slighted off.

*Bru.* You wrong'd yourself, to write in such a case.

*Cass.* In such a time as this, it is not meet  
 That every nice offense should bear his comment.

*Bru.* Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself  
 Are much condemn'd to have an itching palm;  
 To sell and mart your offices for gold,  
 To undeservers.

*Cass.* I an itching palm?  
 You know, that you are Brutus that speak this,  
 Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last.

*Bru.* The name of Cassius honours this corruption,  
 And chastisement does therefore hide his head.

*Cass.* Chastisement!

*Bru.* Remember March, the ides of March remember!  
 Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake?

What villain touch'd his body, that did stab,  
And not for justice? What, shall one of us,  
That struck the foremost man of all this world,  
But for supporting robbers; shall we now  
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes?  
And sell the mighty space of our large honours,  
For so much trash as may be grasped thus?—  
I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,  
Than such a Roman.

*Cass.*                   Brutus, bay not me;  
I'll not endure it; you forget yourself,  
To hedge me in; I am a soldier, I,  
Older in practice, abler than yourself  
To make conditions.

*Bru.*                   Go to; you are not, Cassius.  
*Cass.* I am.  
*Bru.* I say you are not.  
*Cass.* Urge me no more, I shall forget myself;  
Have mind upon your health, tempt me no further.

*Bru.* Away, slight man!  
*Cass.* Is't possible?  
*Bru.*                   Hear me, for I will speak.  
Must I give way and room to your rash choler?  
Shall I be frightened, when a madman stares?

*Cass.* O ye gods! ye gods! must I endure all this?  
*Bru.* All this? ay, more: Fret, till your proud heart break;  
Go, show your slaves how choleric you are,  
And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge?  
Must I observe you? Must I stand and crouch  
Under your testy humour? By the gods,  
You shall digest the venom of your spleen,  
Though it do split you: for, from this day forth,  
I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,  
When you are waspish.

*Cass.*                   Is it come to this?

*Bru.* You say, you are a better soldier:  
Let it appear so; make your vaunting true,  
And it shall please me well: For mine own part,  
I shall be glad to learn of noble men.

*Cass.* You wrong me every way; you wrong me, Brutus;  
I said, an elder soldier, not a better:  
Did I say, ‘better?’

*Bru.* If you did, I care not.

*Cass.* When Caesar liv’d, he durst not thus have mov’d me.

*Bru.* Peace, peace; you durst not so have tempted him.

*Cass.* I durst not?

*Bru.* No.

*Cass.* What? durst not tempt him?

*Bru.* For your life you durst not.

*Cass.* Do not presume too much upon my love;  
I may do that I shall be sorry for.

*Bru.* You have done that you should be sorry for.  
There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats;  
For I am arm’d so strong in honesty,  
That they pass by me, as the idle wind,  
Which I respect not. I did send to you  
For certain sums of gold, which you denied me;—  
For I can raise no money by vile means:  
By heaven, I had rather coin my heart,  
And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring  
From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash,  
By any indirection: I did send  
To you for gold to pay my legions,  
Which you denied me: Was that done like Cassius?  
Should I have answer’d Caius Cassius so?  
When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,  
To lock such rascal counters from his friends,  
Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts,  
Dash him to pieces!

*Cass.* I denied you not.

*Bru.* You did.

*Cass.* I did not:—he was but a fool that brought  
My answers back. Brutus hath riv'd my heart:  
A friend should bear his friend's infirmities,  
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.

*Bru.* I do not, till you practice them on me.

*Cass.* You love me not.

*Bru.* I do not like your faults.

*Cass.* A friendly eye could never see such faults.

*Bru.* A flatterer's would not, though they do appear  
As huge as high Olympus.

*Cass.* Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come,  
Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius,  
For Cassius is aweary of the world:  
Hated by one he loves; brav'd by his brother;  
Check'd like a bondman; all his faults observed,  
Set in a note-book, learn'd, and conn'd by rote,  
To cast into my teeth. O, I could weep  
My spirit from mine eyes! — There is my dagger,  
And here my naked breast; within, a heart  
Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold:  
If that thou be'st a Roman, take it forth;  
I, that denied thee gold, will give my heart:  
Strike, as thou didst at Caesar; for, I know,  
When thou didst hate him worst, thou lov'dst him better  
Than ever thou lov'dst Cassius.

*Bru.* Sheath your dagger.  
Be angry when you will, it shall have scope:  
Do what you will, dishonour shall be humour.  
O Cassius, you are yoked with a lamb  
That carries anger, as the flint bears fire;  
Who, much enforced, shows a hasty spark,  
And straight is cold again.

*Cass.* Hath Cassius liv'd  
To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,

When grief, and blood ill-temper'd, vexeth him?

*Bru.* When I spoke that, I was ill-temper'd too.

*Cass.* Do you confess so much? Give me your hand.

*Bru.* And my heart too.

*Cass.* O Brutus! —

*Bru.* What's the matter?

*Cass.* Have you not love enough to bear with me,  
When that rash humour, which my mother gave me,  
Makes me forgetful?

*Bru.* Yes, Cassius; and, from henceforth,  
When you are over-earnest with your Brutus,  
He'll think your mother chides, and leave you so.



## Murder of King Duncan.

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MACBETH.

Act II. — Scene 2 and 3.

**Characters:** *Lady Macbeth, Macbeth, Porter, Macduff, and Lenox.*

*Enter Lady Macbeth.*

*Lady M.* That which hath made them drunk, hath made  
me bold;  
What hath quench'd them hath given me fire: — Hark! —  
Peace!  
It was the owl that shriek'd, the fatal bellman,  
Which gives the stern'st good-night. He is about it:  
The doors are open; and the surfeited grooms  
Do mock their charge with snores: I have drugg'd their  
possets,  
That death and nature do contend about them,  
Whether they live or die.

*Macb.* [Within.] Who's there? — what, ho!

*Lady M.* Alack! I am afraid they have awak'd,  
And 'tis not done:—The attempt and not the deed,  
Confounds us:—Hark! — I laid their daggers ready;  
He could not miss them.—Had he not resembled  
My father as he slept, I had done 't.—My Husband?

*Enter Macbeth.*

*Macb.* I have done the deed: — Didst thou not hear a noise?

*Lady M.* I heard the owl scream and the crickets cry.  
Did not you speak?

*Macb.* When?

*Lady M.* Now?

*Macb.* As I descended?

*Lady M.* Ay.

*Macb.* Hark! —

Who lies i'the second chamber?

*Lady M.* Donalbain.

*Macb.* This is a sorry sight. [Looking on his hands.

*Lady M.* A foolish thought, to say a sorry sight.

*Macb.* There's one did laugh in his sleep, and one cried,  
“murder!”

That they did wake each other; I stood and heard them:  
But they did say their prayers, and address'd them  
Again to sleep.

*Lady M.* There are two lodg'd together.

*Macb.* One cried, “God bless us!” and, “Amen,” the other;  
As they had seen me, with these hangman's hands.  
Listening their fear, I could not say, amen,  
When they did say, God bless us.

*Lady M.* Consider it not so deeply.

*Macb.* But wherefore could not I pronounce, amen?  
I had most need of blessing, and amen  
Stuck in my throat.

*Lady M.* These deeds must not be thought  
After these ways; so, it will make us mad.

*Macb.* Methought, I heard a voice cry, "Sleep no more!  
Macbeth does murder sleep, the innocent sleep,  
Sleep that knits up the ravell'd sleeve of care,  
The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,  
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,  
Chief nourisher in life's feast;" —

*Lady M.* What do you mean?

*Macb.* Still it cried, "Sleep no more!" to all the house:  
"Glamis hath murder'd sleep; and therefore Cawdor  
Shall sleep no more; Macbeth shall sleep no more!"

*Lady M.* Who was it that thus cried? Why, worthy thane,  
You do unbend your noble strength, to think  
So brain-sickly' of things: — Go, get some water,  
And wash this filthy witness from your hand. —  
Why did you bring these daggers from the place?  
They must lie there: Go, carry them; and smear  
The sleepy grooms with blood.

*Macb.* I'll go no more:  
I am afraid to think what I have done;  
Look on't again, I dare not.

*Lady M.* Infirm of purpose!  
Give me the daggers: The sleeping, and the dead,  
Are but as pictures: 't is the eye of childhood,  
That fears a painted devil. If he do bleed,  
I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal,  
For it must seem their guilt. [Exit. Knocking within.]

*Macb.* Whence is that knocking?  
How is't with me, when every noise appals me?  
What hands are here? Ha! they pluck out mine eyes!  
Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood  
Clean from my hand? No; this my hand will rather  
The multitudinous seas incarnardine,  
Making the green — one red.

*Re-enter Lady Macbeth.*

*Lady M.* My hands are of your colour; but I shame  
To wear a heart so white. [Knock.] I hear a knocking  
At the south entry:— Retire we to our chaimber:  
A little water clears us of this deed:  
How easy is it then? Your constancy  
Hath left you unattended. — [Knocking.] Hark! more  
knocking:  
Get on your nightgown, lest occasion call us,  
And show us to be watchers:— Be not lost  
So poorly in your thoughts.

*Macb.* To know my deed, — 'twere best not know my-  
self. [Knock.]  
Wake Duncan with thy knocking! Ay, would thou couldst!

[Exeunt.

*Enter a Porter.* Knocking within.

*Port.* Here's a knocking, indeed! If a man were a porter  
of hell-gate, he should have old turning the key. [Knock-  
ing.] Knock, knock, knock: Who's there, i'the name of  
Belzebub? Here's a farmer, that hanged himself on the ex-  
pectation of plenty: Come in time; have napkins enough  
about you; here you'll sweat for't. [Knockiug.] Knock,  
knock: Who's there, i'the other devil's name? 'Faith, here's  
an equivocator, that could swear in the both scales against  
either scale; who committed treason enough for God's sake,  
yet could not equivocate to heaven: O, come in, equivocator.  
[Knocking.] Knock, knock, knock: Who's there? 'Faith,  
here's an English tailor come hither, for stealing out of a  
French hose: Come in, tailor; here you may roast your  
goose. [Knocking.] Knock, knock: Never at quiet! What  
are you?— But this place is too cold for hell. I'll devil-  
porter it no further. I had thought to have let in some of all  
professions, that go the primrose way to the everlasting bon-  
fire. [Knocking.] Anon, anon; I pray you, remember the  
porter. [Opens the gate.

*Enter Macduff and Lenox.*

*Macd.* Was it so late, friend, ere you went to bed,  
That you do lie so late?

*Port.* 'Faith, sir, we were carousing till the second cock:  
and drink, sir, is a great provoker of two things.

*Macd.* What two things does drink especially provoke?

*Port.* Marry, sir, nose-painting and sleep. It makes him  
and it mars him; it sets him on, and it takes him off; it  
persuades him, and disheartens him; makes him stand to,  
and not stand to: in conclusion, equivocates him into a  
sleep, and, giving him the lie, leaves him.

*Macd.* I believe, drink gave thee the lie last night.

*Port.* That it did, sir, i'the very throat o'me: But I re-  
quited him for his lie; and, I think, being too strong for  
him, though he took up my legs sometime, yet I made a  
shift to cast him.

*Macd.* Is thy master stirring? —

Our knocking has awak'd him; here he comes.

*Enter Macbeth.*

*Len.* Good morrow, noble sir!

*Macb.* Good morrow, both.

*Macd.* Is the king stirring, worthy thane?

*Macb.* Not yet.

*Macd.* He did command me to call timely on him;  
I have almost slipp'd the hour.

*Macb.* I'll bring you to him.

*Macd.* I know, this is a joyful trouble to you;  
But yet, 'tis one.

*Macb.* The labour we delight in, physics pain.  
This is the door.

*Macd.* I'll make so bold to call,  
For 'tis my limited service. [Exit Mad.]

*Len.* Goes the king  
From hence to-day?

*Macb.* He does:— He did appoint it so.

*Len.* The night has been unruly: Where we lay,  
Our chimneys were blown down: and, as they say,  
Lamentings heard i'the air; strange screams of death;  
And prophecying, with accents terrible,  
Of dire combustion, and confus'd events,  
New hatch'd to the woeful time. The obscure bird  
Clamour'd the livelong night: Some say, the earth  
Was feverous, and did shake.

*Macb.* 'Twas a rough night.

*Len.* My young remembrance cannot parallel  
A fellow to it.

*Re-enter Macduff.*

*Macd.* O horror! horror! horror! Tongue, nor heart,  
Cannot conceive, nor name thee!

*Macb.* } What's the matter?  
*Len.* }

*Macd.* Confusion now hath made his masterpiece!  
Most sacrilegious murder hath broke ope  
The Lord's anointed temple, and stole thence  
The life o'the building.

*Macb.* What is't you say? the life?

*Len.* Mean you his majesty?

*Macd.* Approach the chamber, and destroy your sight  
With a new Gorgon:— Do not bid me speak;  
See, and then speak yourselves.— Awake! awake! —

[*Exeunt Macb. and Lenox.*]

Ring the alarum-bell:— Murder! and treason!  
Banquo, and Donalbain! Malcolm! awake!  
Shake off this downy sleep, death's counterfeit,  
And look on death itself!— up, up, and see

The great doom's image! — Malcolm ! Banquo !  
 As from your graves rise up, and walk like sprights,  
 To countenance this horror ! [Bell rings.]

*Enter Lady Macbeth.*

*Lady M.* What's the business,  
 That such a hideous trumpet calls to parley  
 The sleepers of the house ? speak, speak, —  
*Macd.* O gentle lady,  
 'Tis not for you to hear what I can speak :  
 The repetition, in a woman's ear,  
 Would murder as it fell. — O Banquo ! Banquo !

*Enter Banquo.*

Our royal master's murder'd !

*Lady M.* Woe, alas !  
 What, in our house ?  
*Ban.* Too cruel, any where. —  
 Dear Duff, I pry'thee, contradict thyself,  
 And say it is not so.

*Re-enter Macbeth and Lennox.*

*Macb.* Had I but died an hour before this chance,  
 I had liv'd a blessed time; for, from this instant,  
 There's nothing serious in mortality:  
 All is but toys; renown, and grace is dead ;  
 The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees  
 Is left this vault to brag of.

*Enter Malcolm and Donalbain.*

*Don.* What is amiss ?  
*Macb.* You are, and do not know it :  
 The spring, the head, the fountain of your blood  
 Is stopp'd; the very source of it is stopp'd.

*Macd.* Your royal father's murder'd.

*Mal.* O, by whom ?

*Len.* Those of his chamber, as it seem'd, had done't:  
Their hands and faces were all badg'd with blood;  
So were their daggers, which, unwip'd, we found  
Upon their pillows:  
They star'd, and were distracted; no man's life  
Was to be trusted with them.

*Macb.* O, yet I do repent me of my fury,  
That I did kill them.

*Macd.* Wherefore did you so?

*Macb.* Who can be wise, amaz'd, temperate, and furious,  
Loyal and neutral in a moment? No man:  
The expedition of my violent love  
Out-ran the pauser reason.—Here lay Duncan,  
His silver skin lac'd with his golden blood;  
And his gash'd stabs look'd like a breach in nature,  
For ruin's wasteful entrance: There, the murderers,  
Steep'd in the colours of their trade, their daggers  
Unmannerly breech'd with gore: Who could refrain,  
That had a heart to love, and in that heart  
Courage, to make his love known?

*Lady M.* Help me hence, ho!

*Macd.* Look to the lady.

*Mal.* Why do we hold our tongues,  
That most may claim this argument for ours?

*Don.* What should be spoken here,  
Where our fate, hid within an augre-hole,  
May rush, and seize us? Let's away; our tears  
Are not yet brew'd.

*Mal.* Nor our strong sorrow on  
The foot of motion.

*Ban.* Look to the lady:— [Lady M. is carried out.  
And when we have our naked frailties hid,  
That suffer in exposure, let us meet,  
And question this most bloody piece of work,  
To know it further. Fears and scruples shake us:

In the great hand of God I stand; and, thence,  
Against the undivulg'd pretence I fight  
Of treasonous malice.

*Macd.* And so do I.

*All.* So all.

*Macb.* Let's briefly put on manly readiness,  
And meet i'the hall together.

*All.* Well contended.

[Exeunt all but Mal. and Don,

*Mal.* What will you do? Let's not consort with them:  
To show an unfelt sorrow, is an office  
Which the false man does easy: I'll to England.

*Don.* To Ireland, I; our seperate fortune  
Shall keep us both the safer: where we are,  
There's daggers in men's smiles: the near in blood,  
The nearer bloody.

*Mal.* This murderous shaft that's shot,  
Hath not yet lighted; and our safest way  
Is, to avoid the aim. Therefore, to horse;  
And let us not be dainty of leave-taking,  
But shift away: There's warrant in that theft  
Which steals itself, when there's no mercy left.



## Scene from King Henry IV. Part 2.

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Act I. — Scene 2.

**Characters:** *Falstaff, Chief Justice, Attendant, and Page.*

*Page.* Sir, here comes the nobleman that committed the prince for striking him about Bardolph.

*Fal.* Wait close, I will not see him.

*Ch. Just.* What's he that goes there?

*Atten.* Falstaff, an't please your lordship.

*Ch. Just.* He that was in question for the robbery?

*Atten.* He, my lord; but he hath since done good service at Shrewsbury; and, as I hear, is now going with some charge to the Lord John of Lancaster.

*Ch. Just.* What, to York? Call him back again.

*Atten.* Sir John Falstaff!

*Fal.* Boy, tell him, I am deaf.

*Page.* You must speak louder; my master is deaf.

*Ch. Just.* I am sure, he is, to the hearing of anything good.—Go, pluck him by the elbow; I must speak with him.

*Atten.* Sir John.—

*Fal.* What! a young knave, and beg! Is there not wars? is there not employment? Doth not the king lack subjects? do not the rebels need soldiers? Though it be a shame to be on any side but one, it is worse shame to beg than to be on the worst side, were it worse than the name of rebellion can tell how to make it.

*Atten.* You mistake me, sir.

*Fal.* Why, sir, did I say you were an honest man? setting my knighthood and my soldiership aside, I had lied in my throat if I had said so.

*Atten.* I pray you, sir, then set your knighthood and your soldiership aside; and give me leave to tell you, you lie in

your throat, if you say, I am any other than an honest man.

*Fal.* I give thee leave to tell me so! I lay aside that which grows to me! If thou get'st any leave of me, hang me; if thou takest leave, thou went better be hanged: You hunt-counter, hence! avaunt!

*Atten.* Sir, my lord would speak with you.

*Ch. Just.* Sir John Falstaff, a word with you.

*Fal.* My good lord! God give your lordship good time of day. I am glad, to see your lordship abroad: I heard say, your lordship was sick: I hope, your lordship goes abroad by advice. Your lordship, though not clean past your youth, hath yet some smack of age in you, some relish of the saltiness of time; and I most humbly beseech your lordship to have a reverend care of your health.

*Ch. Just.* Sir John, I sent for you before your expedition to Shrewsbury.

*Fal.* An't please your lordship, I hear, his majesty is returned with some discomfort from Wales.

*Ch. Just.* I talk not of his majesty:— You would not come when I sent for you.

*Fal.* And I hear moreover, his highness is fallen into this same apoplexy.

*Ch. Just.* Well, heaven mend him! I pray, let me speak with you.

*Fal.* This apoplexy is, as I take it, a kind of lethargy, an't please your lordship; a kind of sleeping in the blood.

*Ch. Just.* What tell you me of it? be it as it is.

*Fal.* It hath its original from much grief; from study, and perturbation of the brain: I have read the cause of his effects in Galen; it is a kind of deafness.

*Ch. Just.* I think, you are fallen into the disease; for you hear not what I say to you.

*Fal.* Very well, my lord, very well: Rather, an't please

you, it is the disease of not listening, the malady of not marking, that I am troubled withal.

*Ch. Just.* To punish you by the heels, would amend the attention of your ears; and I care not if I do become your physician.

*Fal.* I am as poor as Job, my lord; but not so patient: Your lordship may minister the potion of imprisonment to me, in respect of poverty; but how I should be your patient to follow your prescriptions, the wise may make some dram of a scruple, or, indeed, a scruple itself.

*Ch. Just.* I sent for you, when there were matters against you for your life, to come speak with me.

*Fal.* As I was then advised by my learned counsel in the laws of this land-service, I did not come.

*Ch. Just.* Well, the truth is, Sir John, you live in great infamy.

*Fal.* He that buckles him in my belt, cannot live in less.

*Ch. Just.* Your means are very slender, and your waste is great.

*Fal.* I would, it were otherwise; I would, my means were greater, and my waist slenderer.

*Ch. Just.* You have misled the youthful prince.

*Fal.* The young prince hath misled me: I am the fellow with the great belly, and he my dog.

*Ch. Just.* Well, I am loath to gall a new-healed wound; your day's service at Shrewsbury hath a little gilded over your night's exploit on Gad's hill: You may thank the unquiet time for your quiet o'erposting that action.

*Fal.* My lord?

*Ch. Just.* But since all is well, keep it so: Wake not a sleeping wolf.

*Fal.* To wake a wolf, is as bad as to smell a fox.

*Ch. Just.* What! You are as a candle, the better part burnt out.

*Fal.* A wassel candle, my lord; all tallow: If I did say of wax, my growth would approve the truth.

*Ch. Just.* There is not a white hair on your face, but should have his effect of gravity.

*Fal.* His effect of gravy, gravy, gravy.

*Ch. Just.* You follow the young prince up and down, like his ill angel.

*Fal.* Not so, my lord; your ill angel is light, but, I hope, he that looks upon me, will take me without weighing; and yet, in some respects, I grant, I cannot go, I cannot tell: Virtue is of so little regard in these costermonger times, that true valour is turned bear-herd: Pregnancy is made a tapster, and hath his quick wit wasted in giving reckonings: All the other gifts apertiment to man, as the malice of this age shapes them, are not worth a gooseberry. You, that are old, consider not the capacities of us that are young; you measure the heat of our livers with the bitterness of your galls: And we that are in the vaward of our youth, I must confess, are wags too.

*Ch. Just.* Do you set down your name in the scroll of youth, that are written down old with all the characters of age? Have you not a moist eye? a dry hand? a yellow cheek? a white beard? a decreasing leg? an increasing belly? Is not your voice broken? your wind short? your chin double? your wit single? and every part about you blasted with antiquity? and will you yet call yourself young? Fie, fie, fie, Sir John!

*Fal.* My Lord, I was born about three of the clock in the afternoon, with a white head and something a round belly. For my voice,—I have lost it with hollaing, and singing of anthems. To approve my youth further, I will not: The truth is, I am only old in judgement and understanding; and he that will caper with me for a thousand marks, let him lend me the money, and have at him. For the box o'the ear that the prince gave you,—he gave it like a rude

prince, and you took it like a sensible lord. I have checked him for it; and the young lion repents: — Marry, not in ashes, and sackcloth; but in new silk, and old sack.

*Ch. Just.* Well, heaven send the prince a better companion!

*Fal.* Heaven send the companion a better prince! I cannot rid my hands of him.

- *Ch. Just.* Well, the king hath served you and Prince Harry: I hear, you are going with Lord John of Lancaster, against the archbishop and the Earl of Northumberland.

*Fal.* Yea; I thank your pretty sweet wit for it. But look you pray, all you that kiss my lady peace at home, that our armies join not in a hot day! for, by the Lord, I take but two shirts out with me, and I mean not to sweat extraordinarily: If it be a hot day, and I brandish anything but my bottle, I would I might never spit white again. There is not a dangerous action can peep out his head, but I am thrust upon it: Well, I cannot last ever: But it was always yet the trick of our English nation, if they have a good thing, to make it too common. If ye will needs say, I am an old man, you should give me rest. I would to God my name were not so terrible to the enemy as it ts. I were better to be eaten to death with rust, than to be scoured to nothing with perpetual motion.

*Ch. Just.* Well, be honest, be honest; and God bless your expedition!

*Fal.* Will your lordship lend me a thousand pound to furnish me forth?

*Ch. Just.* Not a penny, not a penny; you are too impatient to bear crosses. Fare you well; commend me to my cousin Westmoreland. [Exeunt Ch. Just. and Atten.

*Fal.* If I do, fillip me with a three-man beetle. — A man can no more separate age and covetousness, than he can part young limbs and lechery: but the gout galls the one, and the pox pinches the other; and so both the degrees prevent my curses. — A pox of this gout! or, a gout of this

pox! for the one, or the other, plays the rogue with my great toe. It is no matter, if I do halt; I have the wars for my colour, and my pension shall seem the more reasonable: A good wit will make use of anything; I will turn diseases to commodity.



## Dialogue between Prince Henry and King Henry.



KING HENRY IV. Part II.

Act IV. — Scene 4.

*Pr. Henry.* I never thought to hear you speak again.

*K. Henry.* Thy wish was father, Harry, to that thought:  
I stay too long by thee, I weary thee.  
Dost thou so hunger for my empty chair,  
That thou wilt needs invest thee with my honours  
Before thy hour be ripe? O foolish youth!  
Thou seek'st the greatness that will overwhelm thee.  
Stay but a little; for my cloud of dignity  
Is held from falling with so weak a wind,  
That it will quickly drop; my day is dim.  
Thou hast stol'n that, which, after some few hours,  
Were thine without offence; and, at my death,  
Thou hast seal'd up my expectation:  
Thy life did manifest, thou lov'dst me not,  
And thou wilt have me die assured of it.  
Thou hid'st a thousand daggers in thy thoughts;  
Which thou hast whetted on thy stony heart,  
To stab at half an hour of my life.

What! canst thou not forbear me half an hour?  
Then get thee gone; and dig my grave thyself;  
And bid the merry bells ring to thine ear,  
That thou art crowned, not that I am dead.  
Let all the tears that should bedew my hearse,  
Be drops of balm, to sanctify thy head:  
Only compound me with forgotten dust;  
Give that, which gave thee life, unto the worms.  
Pluck down my officers, break my decrees;  
For now a time is come to mock at form,  
Harry the Fifth is crown'd:— Up, vanity!  
Down, royal state! All you sage counsellors, hence!  
And to the English court assemble now,  
From every region, apes of idleness!  
Now, neighbour confines, purge you of your scum:  
Have you a ruffian, that will swear, drink, dance,  
Revel the night; rob, murder, and commit  
The oldest sins the newest kind of ways?  
Be happy, he will trouble you no more:  
England shall double gild his treble guilt;  
England shall give him office, honour, might:  
For the fifth Harry from curb'd license plucks  
The muzzle of restraint, and the wild dog  
Shall flesh his tooth in every innocent.  
O my poor kingdom, sick with civil blows!  
When that my care could not withhold thy riots,  
What wilt thou do, when riot is thy care?  
O, thou wilt be a wilderness again,  
Peopled with wolves, thy old inhabitants!

*Pr. Henry.* O, pardon me, my liege! but for my tears,  
The moist impediments unto my speech, [Kneeling.  
I had forestall'd this dear and deep rebuke,  
Ere you with grief had spoke, and I had heard  
The course of it so far. There is your crown;  
And He that wears the crown immortally,

Long guard it yours! If I affect it more,  
Than as your honour, and as your renown,  
Let me no more from this obedience rise,  
(Which my most true and inward-duteous spirit  
Teacheth,) this prostrate and exterior bending!  
Heaven witness with me, when I here came in,  
And found no course of breath within your majesty,  
How cold it struck my heart! If I do feign,  
O, let me in my present wildness die;  
And never live to show the incredulous world  
The noble change that I have purposed!  
Coming to look on you, thinking you dead,  
(And dead almost, my liege, to think you were,)  
I spake unto the crown as having sense,  
And thus upbraided it. "The care on thee depending,  
Hath fed upon the body of my father;  
Therefore, thou, best of gold, art worst of gold.  
Other, less fine in carat, is more precious,  
Preserving life in med'cine potable:  
But thou, most fine, most honour'd, most renown'd,  
Hast eat thy bearer up." Thus, my most royal liege,  
Accusing it, put it on my head;  
To try with it,—as with an enemy,  
That had before my face murder'd my father,—  
The quarrel of a true inheritor.  
But if it did infect my blood with joy,  
Or swell my thoughts to any strain of pride;  
If any rebel or vain spirit of mine  
Did, with the least affection of a welcome,  
Give entertainment to the might of it,  
Let God for ever keep it from my head!  
And make me as the poorest vassal is,  
That doth with awe and terror kneel to it!

*K. Henry.* O my son!  
Heaven put it in thy mind to take it hence,

That thou might'st win the more thy father's love,  
Pleading so wisely in excuse of it.  
Come hither, Harry, sit thou by my bed;  
And hear, I think, the very latest counsel  
That ever I shall breathe. Heaven knows, my son,  
By what by-paths, and indirect crook'd ways,  
I met this crown; and I myself know well,  
How troublesome it sat upon my head:  
To thee it shall descend with better quiet,  
Better opinion, better confirmation;  
For all the soil of the achievement goes  
With me into the earth. It seem'd in me,  
But as an honour snatch'd with boisterous hand;  
And I had many living, to upbraid  
My gain of it by their assistances;  
Which daily grew to quarrel, and to bloodshed,  
Wounding supposed peace: All these bold fears,  
Thou see'st, with peril I have answered:  
For all my reign hath been but as a scene  
Acting that argument; and now my death  
Changes the mode; for what in me was purchas'd,  
Falls upon thee in a more fairer sort;  
So thou the garland wear'st successively.  
Yet, though thou stand'st more sure than I could do,  
Thou art not firm enough, since griefs are green;  
And all my friends, which thou must make thy friends,  
Have but their stings and teeth newly ta'en out;  
By whose fell working I was first advanc'd,  
And by whose power I well might lodge a fear  
To be again displac'd; which to avoid,  
I cut them off; and had a purpose now  
To lead out many to the Holy Land;  
Lest rest, and lying still, might make them look  
Too near unto my state. Therefore, my Harry,  
Be it thy course, to busy giddy minds

With foreign quarrels; that action, hence borne out,  
 May waste the memory of the former days.  
 More would I, but my lungs are wasted so,  
 That strength of speech is utterly denied me.  
 How I came by the crown, O God, forgive!  
 And grant it may with thee in true peace live!

*Pr. Henry.* My gracious liege,  
 You won it, wore it, kept it, gave it me;  
 Then plain, and right, must my possession be;  
 Which I, with more than with a common pain,  
 'Gainst all the world will rightfully maintain.



## The Murder of King Henry VI.



### KING HENRY VI. Part III.

Act V. — Scene 6.

**Characters:** *Gloster and King Henry.*

*Glo.* Good day, my lord! What, at your book so hard?

*K. Henry.* Ay, my good lord: My lord, I should say  
 rather;

"Tis sin to flatter; good was little better:  
 Good Gloster, and good devil, were alike,  
 And both preposterous; therefore, not good, lord.  
 What scene of death hath Roscius now to act?

*Glo.* Suspicion always haunts the guilty mind?  
 The thief doth fear each bush an officer.

*K. Henry.* The bird, that hath been limed in a bush,  
With trembling wings misdoubteth every bush:  
And I, the hapless male to one sweet bird,  
Have now the fatal object in my eye,  
Where my poor young was lim'd, was caught, and kill'd.

*Glo.* Why, what a peevish fool was that of Crete,  
That taught his son the office of a fowl?  
And yet, for all his wings, the fool was drown'd.

*K. Henry.* I, Daedalus; my poor boy, Icarus;  
Thy father, Minos, that denied our course;  
The sun, that sear'd the wings of my sweet boy,  
Thy brother Edward; and thyself, the sea,  
Whose envious gulf did swallow up his life.  
Ah, kill me with thy weapon, not with words:  
My breast can better brook thy dagger's point,  
Than can my ears that tragic history.—  
But wherefore dost thou come? is't for my life?

*Glo.* Think'st thou, I am an executioner?

*K. Henry.* A persecutor, I am sure, thou art;  
If murdering innocents be executing,  
Why, then thou art an executioner.

*Glo.* Thy son I kill'd for his presumption.

*K. Henry.* Hadst thou been kill'd, when first thou didst  
presume,  
Thou hadst not liv'd to kill a son of mine.  
And thus I prophesy, that many a thousand,  
Which now mistrust no parcel of my fear;  
And many an old man's sigh, and many a widow's,  
And many an orphan's water-standing eye,—  
Men for their sons', wives for their husband's fate,  
And orphans for their parents' timeless death,—  
Shall rue the hour that ever thou wast born.  
The owl shriek'd at thy birth, an evil sign;

The night-crow cried, aboding luckless time;  
Dogs howl'd, and hideous tempests shook down trees;  
The raven rook'd her on the chimney's top,  
And chattering pies in dismal discords sung.  
Thy mother felt more than a mother's pain,  
And yet brought forth less than a mother's hope;  
To wit,—an indigest deformed lump,  
Not like the fruit of such a goodly tree.  
Teeth hadst thou in thy head, when thou wast born,  
To signify,—thou cam'st to bide the world:  
And, if the rest be true which I have heard,  
Thou cam'st—

*Glo.* I'll hear no more; — Die, prophet, in thy speech;  
[Stabs him.]

For this, amongst the rest, was I ordain'd.

*K. Henry.* Ay, and for much more slaughter after this.  
O God! forgive my sins, and pardon thee! [Dies.]

*Glo.* What, will the aspiring blood of Lancaster  
Sink in the ground? I thought, it would have mounted.  
See, how my sword weeps for the poor king's death!  
O, may such purple tears be always shed  
From those that wish the downfall of our house!—  
If any spark of life be yet remaining,  
Down, down to hell; and say — I sent thee thither,

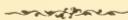
[Stabs him again.]

I, that have neither pity, love, nor fear.—  
Indeed, 'tis true, that Henry told me of;  
For I have often heard my mother say,  
I came into the world with my legs forward:  
Had I not reason, think ye, to make haste,  
And seek their ruin that usurp'd our right?  
The midwife wonder'd; and the women cried,  
“O, Jesus bless us, he is born with teeth!”  
And so I was; which plainly signified—  
That I should snarl, and bite, and play the dog.

Then, since the heavens have shap'd my body so,  
 Let hell make crook'd my mind to answer it.  
 I have no brother, I am like no brother:  
 And this word — love, which greybeards call divine,  
 Be resident in men like one another,  
 And not in me; I am myself alone.—  
 Clarence, beware! thou keep'st me from the light:  
 But I will sort a pitchy day for thee:  
 For I will buzz abroad such prophecies,  
 That Edward shall be fearful of his life;  
 And then, to purge his fear, I'll be thy death.  
 King Henry, and the prince his son, are gone:  
 Clarence, thy turn is next, and then the rest;  
 Counting myself but bad, till I be best.—  
 I'll throw thy body in another room,  
 And triumph, Henry, in thy day of doom.



## Gloster Wooing Lady Anne.



KING RICHARD III.

Act I. — Scene 2.

(*Lady Anne, as Mourner, follows corse of King Henry VI.*)

*Anne.* Set down, set down your honourable load,—  
 If honour may be shrouded in a hearse,—  
 Whilst I awhile obsequiously lament  
 The untimely fall of virtuous Lancaster.—  
 Poor key-cold figure of a holy king!  
 Pale ashes of the House of Lancaster!  
 Thou bloodless remnant of that royal blood!  
 Be it lawful that I invocate thy ghost,

To hear the lamentations of poor Anne,  
 Wife to thy Edward, to thy slaughter'd son,  
 Stabb'd by the self-same hand that made these wounds!  
 Lo, in these windows, that let forth thy life,  
 I pour the helpless balm of my poor eyes:—  
 O, cursed be the hand that made these holes!  
 Cursed the heart, that had the heart to do it!  
 Cursed the blood, that let this blood from hence!  
 More direful hap betide that hated wretch,  
 That makes us wretched by the death of thee,  
 Than I can wish to adders, spiders, toads,  
 Or any creeping venom'd thing that lives!  
 If ever he have child, abortive be it,  
 Prodigious, and untimely brought to light,  
 Whose ugly and unnatural aspect  
 May fright the hopeful mother at the view;  
 And that be heir to his unhappiness!  
 If ever he have wife, let her be made  
 More miserable by the death of him,  
 Than I am made by my young lord, and thee!—  
 Come, now, toward Chertsey with your holy load,  
 Taken from Paul's to be interred there;  
 And, still, as you are weary of the weight,  
 Rest you, whiles I lament King Henry's corse.

[Bearers take up corpse and advance.

*Enter Gloster.*

*Glo.* Stay you, that bear the corse, and set it down.  
*Anne.* What black magician conjures up this fiend,  
 To stop devoted charitable deeds?

*Glo.* Villains, set down the corse; or, by Saint Paul,  
 I'll make a corse of him that disobeys!

*Gent.* My lord, stand back, and let the coffin pass.

*Glo.* Unmanner'd dog! stand thou when I command:

Advance thy halberd higher than my breast,  
Or, by Saint Paul, I'll strike thee to my foot,  
And spurn upon thee, beggar, for thy boldness.

*Anne.* What! do you tremble? are you all afraid?  
Alas, I blame you not; for you are mortal,  
And mortal eyes cannot endure the devil.—  
Avaunt, thou dreadful minister of hell!  
Thou had'st but power over his mortal body,  
His soul thou canst not have; therefore, be gone.

*Glo.* Sweet saint, for charity, be not so curst.

*Anne.* Foul devil, for God's sake, hence, and trouble us  
not;

For thou hast made the happy earth thy hell,  
Fill'd it with cursing cries, and deep exclaims.  
If thou delight to view thy heinous deeds,  
Behold this pattern of thy butcheries:—  
O gentlemen, see, see! dead Henry's wounds  
Open their congeal'd mouths, and bleed afresh!—  
Blush, blush, thou lump of foul deformity;  
For 'tis thy presence that exhales this blood  
From cold and empty veins, where no blood dwells;  
Thy deed, inhuman and unnatural,  
Provokes this deluge most unnatural.—  
O God, which this blood mad'st, revenge his death!  
O earth, which this blood drink'st, revenge his death!  
Either, heaven, with lightning strike the murderer dead,  
Or, earth, gape open wide, and eat him quick;  
As thou dost swallow up this good king's blood,  
Which his hell-govern'd arm hath butcher'd!

*Glo.* Lady, you know no rules of charity,  
Which renders good for bad, blessings for curses.

*Anne.* Villain, thou know'st no law of God nor man;  
No beast so fierce, but knows some touch of pity.

*Glo.* But I know none, and therefore am no beast.

*Anne.* O wonderful, when devils tell the truth!

*Glo.* More wonderful, when angels are so angry.—  
Vouchsafe, divine perfection of a woman,  
Of these supposed evils, to give me leave,  
By circumstance but to acquit myself.

*Anne.* Vouchsafe, diffus'd infection of a man,  
For these known evils, but to give me leave,  
By circumstance, to curse thy cursed self.

*Glo.* Fairer than tongue can name thee, let me have  
Some patient leisure to excuse myself.

*Anne.* Fouler than heart can think thee, thou canst make  
No excuse current, but to hang thyself.

*Glo.* By such despair, I should accuse myself.

*Anne.* And, by despairing, shalt thou stand excused;  
For doing worthy vengeance on thyself,  
That didst unworthy slaughter upon others.

*Glo.* Say, that I slew them not?

*Anne.* Why then, they are not dead:  
But dead they are, and, devilish slave, by thee.

*Glo.* I did not kill your husband.

*Anne.* Why, then is he alive.

*Glo.* Nay, he is dead; and slain by Edward's hand.

*Anne.* In thy soul's throat thou liest; Queen Margeret saw  
Thy murderous faulchion smoking in his blood;  
The which thou once didst bend against her breast,  
But that thy brothers beat aside the point.

*Glo.* I was provoked by her sland'rous tongue,  
That laid their guilt upon my guiltless shoulders.

*Anne.* Thou wast provoked by thy bloody mind,  
That never dreamt on aught but butcheries:  
Didst thou not kill this king?

*Glo.* I grant ye.

*Anne.* Dost grant me, hedgehog? then, God grant me too,  
Thou mayst be damned for that wicked deed!  
O, he was gentle, mild, and virtuous.

*Glo.* The fitter for the king of heaven that hath him.

*Anne.* He is in heaven, where thou shalt never come.

*Glo.* Let him thank me that holp to send him thither; For he was fitter for that place, than earth.

*Anne.* And thou unfit for any place but hell.

*Glo.* Yes, one place else, if you will hear me name it.

*Anne.* Some dungeon.

*Glo.* Your bed-chamber.

*Anne.* I'll rest betide the chamber where thou liest!

*Glo.* So will it, madam, till I lie with you.

*Anne.* I hope so.

*Glo.* I know so.—But, gentle Lady Anne,—  
To leave this keen encounter of our wits,  
And fall somewhat into a slower method;—  
Is not the causer of the timeless deaths  
Of these Plantagenets, Henry, and Edward,  
As blameful as the executioner?

*Anne.* Thou wast the cause, and most accrue'st effect.

*Glo.* Your beauty was the cause of that effect;  
Your beauty, which did haunt me in my sleep,  
To undertake the death of all the world,  
So I might live one hour in your sweet bosom.

*Anne.* If I thought that, I tell thee, homicide,  
These nails should rend that beauty from my cheeks.

*Glo.* These eyes could not endure that beauty's wreck;  
You should not blemish it, if I stood by:  
As all the world is cheered by the sun,  
So I by that; it is my day, my life.

*Anne.* Black night o'ershade thy day, and death thy life!

*Glo.* Curse not thyself, fair creature; thou art both.

*Anne.* I would I were, to be reveng'd on thee.

*Glo.* It is a quarrel most unnatural,  
To be reveng'd on him that loveth thee.

*Anne.* It is a quarrel just and reasonable,  
To be reveng'd on him that kill'd my husband.

*Glo.* He that bereft thee, lady, of thy husband,  
Did it to help thee to a better husband.

*Anne.* His better doth not breathe upon the earth.

*Glo.* He lives, that loves you better than he could.

*Anne.* Name him.

*Glo.* Plantagenet.

*Anne.* Why, that was he.

*Glo.* The self-same name, but one of better nature.

*Anne.* Where is he?

*Glo.* Here: [She spits at him.] Why dost thou  
spit at me?

*Anne.* 'Would it were mortal poison, for thy sake!

*Glo.* Never came poison from so sweet a place.

*Anne.* Never hung poison on a fouler toad.

Out of my sight! thou dost infect mine eyes.

*Glo.* Thine eyes, sweet lady, have infected mine.

*Anne.* 'Would they were basilisks, to strike thee dead!

*Glo.* I would they were, that I might die at once.

For now they kill me with a living death.

Those eyes of thine from mine have drawn salt tears,

Sham'd their aspects with store of childish drops:

These eyes, which never shed remorseful tear,—

Not, when my father York and Edward wept,

To hear the piteous moan that Rutland made,

When black-fac'd Clifford shook his sword at him:

Nor when thy war-like father, like a child,

Told the sad story of my father's death;

And twenty times made pause, to sob, and weep,

That all the standers-by had wet their cheeks,

Like trees bedash'd with rain;— in that sad time,

My manly eyes did scorn an humble tear;

And what these sorrows could not thence exhale,

Thy beauty hath, and made them blind with weeping.

I never su'd to friend, nor enemy;  
My tongue could never learn sweet soothing word;  
But now thy beauty is propos'd my fee,  
My proud heart sues, and prompts my tongue to speak.

[She looks scornfully at him.]

Teach not thy lip such scorn; for it was made  
For kissing, lady, not for such contempt.  
If thy revengeful heart cannot forgive,  
Lo! here I lend thee this sharp-pointed sword;  
Which if thou please to hide in this true breast,  
And let the soul forth that adoreth thee,  
I lay it naked to the deadly stroke,  
And humbly beg the death upon my knee.

[He lays his breast open; she offers at it with his sword.]  
Nay, do not pause; for I did kill King Henry;—  
But 'twas thy beauty that provoked me.  
Nay, now dispatch; 'twas I that stabb'd young Edward;—

[She again offers at his breast.]

But 'twas thy heavenly face that set me on.—

[She lets fall the sword.]

Take up the sword again, or take up me.

*Anne.* Arise, dissembler: Though I wish thy death,  
I will not be thy executioner.

*Glo.* Then bid me kill myself, and I will do it.

*Anne.* I have already.

*Glo.* That was in thy rage:

Speak it again, and, even with the word,  
This hand, which, for thy love, did kill thy love,  
Shall, for thy love, kill a far truer love;  
To both their deaths shalt thou be accessory.

*Anne.* I would, I knew thy heart.

*Glo.* 'Tis figur'd in my tongue.

*Anne.* I fear me, both are false.

*Glo.* Then man was never true.

*Anne.* Well, well, put up your sword.

*Glo.* Say, then, my peace is made.

*Anne.* That shall you know hereafter.

*Glo.* But shall I live in hope?

*Anne.* All men, I hope, live so.

*Glo.* Vouchsafe to wear this ring.

*Anne.* To take is not to give.

[She puts on the ring.]

*Glo.* Look, how this ring encompasseth thy finger,  
Even so thy breast encloseth my poor heart;  
Wear both of them, for both of them are thine.  
And if thy poor devoted servant may  
But beg one favour at thy gracious hand,  
Thou dost confirm his happiness for ever.

*Anne.* What is it?

*Glo.* That it may please you leave these sad designs  
To him that hath more cause to be a mourner,  
And presently repair to Crosby-place;  
Where,—after I have solemnly interr'd,  
At Chertsey monast'ry this noble king,  
And wet his grave with my repentant tears,—  
I will with all expedient duty see you:  
For divers unknown reasons, I beseech you,  
Grant me this boon.

*Anne.* With all my heart; and much it joys me too,  
To see you are become so penitent.—  
Tressel, and Berkley, go along with me.

*Glo.* Bid me farewell.

*Anne.* "Tis more than you deserve:  
But, since you teach me how to flatter you,  
Imagine, I have said farewell already.

[Exeunt L. Anne, Tres., and Berk.

*Glo.* Take up the corse, sirs.

*Gent.* Towards Chertsey, noble lord?

*Glo.* No, to White-Friars; there attend my coming.—

[Exeunt the rest, with corse.

Was ever woman in this humour woo'd?

Was ever woman in this humour won?

I'll have her,—but I will not keep her long.

What! I, that kill'd her husband, and his father,

To take her in her heart's extremest hate;

With curses in her mouth, tears in her eyes,

The bleeding witness of her hatred by;

With God, her conscience, and these bars against me,

And I no friends to back my suit withal,

But the plain devil, and dissembling looks,

And yet to win her,—all the world to nothing!

Ha!

Hath she forgot already that brave prince,

Edward, her lord, whom I some three months since,

Stabb'd in my angry mood at Tewkesbury?

A sweeter and a lovelier gentleman,—

Fram'd in the prodigality of nature,

Young, valiant, wise, and, no doubt, right loyal,—

The spacious world cannot again afford;

And will she yet abase her eyes on me,

That cropp'd the golden prime of this sweet prince,

And made her widow to a woful bed?

On me, whose all not equals Edward's moiety?

On me, that halt, and am misshappen thus?

My dukedom to a beggarly denier,

I do mistake my person all this while!

Upon my life, she finds, although I cannot,

Myself to be a marvellous proper man.

I'll be at charges for a looking-glass;

And entertain a score or two of tailors,

To study fashions to adorn my body;

Since I am crept in favour with myself,

I will maintain it with some little cost.  
 But, first, I'll turn yon fellow in his grave;  
 And then return lamenting to my love.—  
 Shine out, fair sun, till I have bought a glass,  
 That I may see my shadow as I pass.



## Queen Catharine's Appeal for Justice.



HENRY VIII.

Act II. — Scene 4.

*Characters: Q. Catharine, K. Henry, Wolsey, Campeius, and Crier.*

*Q. Kath.* Sir, I desire, you do me right and justice;  
 And to bestow your pity on me; for  
 I am a most poor woman, and a stranger,  
 Born out of your dominions; having here  
 No judge indifferent, nor no more assurance  
 Of equal friendship and proceeding. Alas, sir,  
 In what have I offended you? what cause  
 Hath my behaviour given to your displeasure,  
 That thus you should proceed to put me off,  
 And take your good grace from me? Heaven witness,  
 I have been to you a true and humble wife,  
 At all times to your will conformable:  
 Ever in fear to kindle your dislike,  
 Yea, subject to your countenance; glad, or sorry,  
 As I saw it inclin'd! When was the hour,  
 I ever contradicted your desire,  
 Or made it not mine too? Or which of your friends  
 Have I not strove to love, although I knew  
 He were mine enemy? what friend of mine

That had to him deriv'd your anger, did I  
Continue in my liking? nay, gave notice  
He was from thence discharg'd? Sir, call to mind  
That I have been your wife, in this obedience,  
Upward of twenty years, and have been blest  
With many children by you. If, in the course  
And process of this time, you can report,  
And prove it too, against mine honour aught,  
My bond to wedlock, or my love and duty,  
Against your sacred person, in God's name,  
Turn me away; and let the foul'st contempt  
Shut door upon me, and so give me up  
To the sharpest kind of justice. Please you, sir,  
The king, your father, was reputed for  
A prince most prudent, of an excellent  
And unmatch'd wit and judgment: Ferdinand,  
My father, King of Spain, was reckon'd one  
The wisest prince, that there had reign'd by many  
A year before: It is not to be question'd  
That they had gather'd a wise council to them  
Of every realm, that did debate this business,  
Who deem'd our marriage lawful: Wherefore I humbly  
Beseech you, sir, to spare me, till I may  
Be by my friends in Spain advis'd; whose counsel  
I will implore: If not, i'the name of God,  
Your pleasure be fulfill'd!

*Wol.*                            You have here, lady,  
(And of your choice,) these reverend fathers; men  
Of singular integrity and learning,  
Yea, the elect of the land, who are assembled  
To plead your cause: It shall be therefore bootless,  
That longer you desire the court; as well  
For your own quiet, as to rectify  
What is unsettled in the king.

*Cam.*

His grace

Hath spoken well, and justly: Therefore, madam,  
It's fit this royal session do proceed;  
And that, without delay, their arguments  
Be now produc'd and heard.

*Q. Kath.*

Lord Cardinal,—

To you I speak.

*Wol.*

Your pleasure, madam?

*Q. Kath.*

Sir,

I am about to weep; but, thinking that  
We are a queen, (or long have dream'd so,) certain,  
The daughter of a king, my drops of tears  
I'll turn to sparks of fire.

*Wol.*

Be patient yet.

*Q. Kath.* I will, when you are humble; nay, before,  
Or God will punish me. I do believe,  
Induc'd by potent circumstances, that  
You are mine enemy; and make my challenge,  
You shall not be my judge: For it is you  
Have blown this coal betwixt my lord and me,—  
Which God's dew quench!—Therefore, I say again,  
I utterly abhor, yea, from my soul,  
Refuse you for my judge; whom, yet once more,  
I hold my most malicious foe, and think not  
At all a friend to truth.

*Wol.*

I do profess,

You speak not like yourself; who ever yet  
Have stood to charity, and display'd the effects  
Of disposition gentle, and of wisdom  
O'ertopping woman's power. Madam, you do me wrong:  
I have no spleen against you; nor injustice  
For you, or any: How far I have proceeded,  
Or how far further shall, is warranted  
By a commission from the consistory,  
Yea, the whole consistory of Rome. You charge me,

That I have blown this coal: I do deny it:  
The king is present: If it be known to him,  
That I gainsay my deed, how may he wound,  
And worthily, my falsehood? Yea, as much  
As you have done my truth. But if he know  
That I am free of your report, he knows,  
I am not of your wrong. Therefore in him  
It lies, to cure me: And the cure is, to  
Remove these thoughts from you: The which before  
His highness shall speak in, I do beseech  
You, gracious madam, to unthink your speaking,  
And to say so no more.

*Q. Kath.* My lord, my lord,  
I am a simple woman, much too weak  
To oppose your cunning. You are meek, and humble-mouth'd;  
You sign your place and calling, in full seeming,  
With meekness and humility; but your heart  
Is cramm'd with arrogance, spleen, and pride.  
You have, by fortune, and his highness' favours,  
Gone slightly o'er low steps, and now are mounted  
Where powers are your retainers; and your words,  
Domestics to you, serve your will, as't please  
Yourself pronounce their office. I must tell you,  
You tender more your person's honour, than  
Your high profession spiritual: That again  
I do refuse you for my judge; and here  
Before you all, appeal unto the pope,  
To bring my whole cause 'fore his holiness,  
And to be judg'd by him.

*Cam.* The queen is obstinate,  
Stubborn to justice, apt to accuse it, and  
Disdainful to be tried by it; 'tis not well.  
She's going away.

*K. Henry.* Call her again.

*Crier.* Katherine, Queen of England, come into the court.

*Q. Kath.* What need you note it? pray you, keep your way:  
 When you are call'd, return.—Now the Lord help,  
 They vex me past my patience!—Pray you, pass on:  
 I will not tarry: No, nor ever more,  
 Upon this business, my appearance make  
 In any of their courts.

[*Exeunt Queen Kath., Grif., and other Attendants.*]

*K. Henry.* Go thy ways, Kate:  
 That man i'the world, who shall report, he has  
 A better wife, let him in naught be trusted,  
 For speaking false in that: Thou art, alone,  
 (If thy rare qualities, sweet gentleness,  
 Thy meekness saint-like, wise-like government,—  
 Obeying in commanding,—and thy parts  
 Sovereign and pious else, could speak thee out,) She's noble born;  
 The queen of earthly queens:—She's noble born;  
 And, like her true nobility, she has  
 Carried herself towards me.

*Wol.* Most gracious sir,  
 In humblest manner I require your highness,  
 That it shall please you to declare, in hearing  
 Of all these ears, (for, where I am robb'd and bound,  
 There must I be unloos'd; although not there  
 At once and fully satisfied,) whether ever I  
 Did broach this business to your highness; or  
 Laid any scruple in your way, which might  
 Induce you to the question on't? or ever  
 Have to you,—but with thanks to God for such  
 A royal lady,—spake one the least word, might  
 Be to the prejudice of her present state,  
 Or touch of her good person?

*K. Henry.* My lord cardinal,  
 I do excuse you; yea, upon mine honour,  
 I free you from't. You are not to be taught

That you have many enemies, that know not  
Why they are so, but, like to village curs,  
Bark when their fellows do; by some of these  
The queen is put in anger. You're excus'd:  
But will you be more justified? You ever  
Have wish'd the sleeping of this business; never  
Desir'd it to be stirr'd; but oft have hinder'd; oft  
The passages made toward it:— On my honour,  
I speak, my good lord cardinal, to this point,  
And thus far clear him. Now, what mov'd me to't,—  
I will be told with time, and your attention:—  
Then mark the inducement. Thus it came;—give heed to't:—  
My conscience first received a tenderness,  
Scruple, and prick, on certain speeches utter'd  
By the Bishop of Bayonne, then French ambassador;  
Who had been hither sent on the debating  
A marriage, 'twixt the Duke of Orleans and  
Our daughter Mary: I'the progress of this business,  
Ere a determinate resolution, he —  
(I mean the bishop) did require a respite;  
Wherein he might the king, his lord, advertise  
Whether our daughter were legitimate,  
Respecting this our marriage with the dowager,  
Sometimes our brother's wife. This respite shook  
The bosom of my conscience, enter'd me,  
Yea, with a splitting power, and made to tremble  
The region of my breast; which forc'd such way  
That many maz'd considerings did throng,  
And press'd in with this caution. First, methought,  
I stood not in the smile of heaven; that my kingdom,  
Well worthy the best heir o'the world, should not  
Be gladded in't by me. Then follows, that  
I weigh'd the danger which my realms stood in  
By this my issue's fail; and that gave to me  
Many a groaning throe. Thus hulling in

The wild sea of my conscience, I did steer  
Toward this remedy, whereupon we are  
Now present here together; that's to say,  
I meant to rectify my conscience,— which  
I then did feel full sick, and yet not well,—  
By all the reverend fathers of the land,  
And doctors learn'd.— First, I began in private  
With you, my Lord of Lincoln; you remember  
How under my oppression I did reek  
When I first mov'd you.

I then mov'd you,  
My Lord of Canterbury; and got your leave  
To make this present summons: Unsolicited  
I left no reverend person in this court;  
But by particular consent proceeded,  
Under your hands and seals. Therefore, go on:  
For no dislike i'the world against the person  
Of the good queen, but the sharp thorny points  
Of my alleged reasons, drive this forward.  
Prove but our marriage lawful,— by my life  
And kingly dignity, we are contented  
To wear our mortal state to come, with her,  
Katherine our queen, before the primest creature  
That's paragon'd o'the world.



## Iago and Rodrigo Plotting against Othello.

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### O'HELLO.

Act I. — Scene 3, and Act II. — Scene 1.

*Rod.* Iago.

*Iago.* What say'st thou, noble heart?

*Rod.* What will I do, thinkest thou?

*Iago.* Why, go to bed, and sleep.

*Rod.* I will incontinently drown myself.

*Iago.* Well, if thou dost, I shall never love thee after it.  
Why, thou silly gentleman!

*Rod.* It is silliness to live, when to live is a torment:  
and then have we a prescription to die, when death is our  
physician.

*Iago.* O villainous! I have looked upon the world for four  
times seven years; and since I could distinguish between a  
benefit and an injury, I never found a man that knew how  
to love himself. Ere I would say, I would drown myself  
for the love of a Guinea-hen, I would change my humanity  
with a baboon.

*Rod.* What should I do? I confess, it is my shame to be  
so fond; but it is not in virtue to amend it.

*Iago.* Virtue? a fig! 'tis in ourselves, that we are thus,  
or thus. Our bodies are our gardens; to the which, our  
wills are gardeners; so that if we will plant nettles, or sow  
lettuce; set hyssop, and weed up thyme; supply it with one  
gender of herbs, or distract it with many; either to have it  
steril with idleness, or manured with industry; why, the  
power and corrigible authority of this lies in our wills. If  
the balance of our lives had not one scale of reason to poise

another of sensuality, the blood and baseness of our natures would conduct us to most preposterous conclusions: But we have reason to cool our raging motions, our carnal stings, our unbitted lusts; whereof I take this, that you call—love, to be a sect, or scion.

*Rod.* It cannot be.

*Iago.* It is merely a lust of the blood, and a permission of the will. Come, be a man: Drown thyself? drown cats, and blind puppies. I have professed me thy friend, and I confess me knit to thy deserving with cables of perdurable toughness; I could never better stead thee than now. Put money in thy purse; follow these wars; defeat thy favour with an usurped beard; I say, put money in thy purse. It cannot be, that Desdemona should long continue her love to the Moor,—put money in thy purse;—nor he his to her; it was a violent commencement, and thou shalt see an answerable sequestration; put money in thy purse.—These Moors are changeable in their wills;—fill thy purse with money; the food that to him now is as luscious as locusts, shall be to him shortly as bitter as coloquintida. She must change for youth; when she is sated with his body, she will find the error of her choice.—She must have change, she must; therefore put money in thy purse.— If thou wilt needs damn thyself, do it a more delicate way than drowning. Make all the money thou canst: If sanctimony and a frail vow, betwixt an erring barbarian and a supersubtle Venetian, be not too hard for my wits, and all the tribe of hell, thou shalt enjoy her; therefore make money. A pox of drowning thyself! it is clean out of the way; seek thou rather to be hanged in compassing thy joy, than to be drowned and go without her.

*Rod.* Wilt thou be fast to my hopes, if I depend on the issue?

*Iago.* Thou art sure of me;—Go, make money:—I have told thee often, and I re-tell thee again and again, I hate

the Moor: My cause is hearted; thine hath no less reason: Let us be conjunctive in our revenge against him: if thou canst cuckold him, thou dost thyself a pleasure, and me a sport. There are many events in the womb of time, which will be delivered. Do thou meet me presently at the harbour. Come hither. If thou be'st valiant as (they say) base men, being in love, have then a nobility in their natures more than is native to them,—list me. The lieutenant to-night watches on the court of guard:—First, I must tell thee this—Desdemona is directly in love with him.

*Rod.* With him! why, 'tis not possible.

*Iago.* Lay thy finger — thus, and let thy soul be instructed. Mark me with what violence she first loved the Moor, but for bragging, and telling her fantastical lies: And will she love him still for prating? let not thy discreet heart think it. Her eye must be fed; and what delight shall she have to look on the devil? When the blood is made dull with the act of sport, there should be,—again to inflame it, and to give satiety a fresh appetite,—loveliness in favour; sympathy in years, manners, and beauties; all which the Moor is defective in: Now, for want of these required conveniences, her delicate tenderness will find itself abused, begin to heave the gorge, disrelish and abhor the Moor; very nature will instruct her in it, and compel her to some second choice. Now, sir, this granted, (as it is a most pregnant and unforced position,) who stands so eminently in the degree of this fortune as Cassio does? a knave very voluble; no further consonable, than in putting on the mere form of civil and humane seeming, for the better compassing of his salt and most hidden loose affection? why, none; why, none: A slippery and subtle knave; a finder out of occasions; that has an eye can stamp and counterfeit advantages, though true advantage never present itself: A devilish knave! besides, the knave is handsome, young; and hath all those requisites in him, that folly and green minds look

after: A pestilent complete knave; and the woman hath found him already.

*Rod.* I cannot believe that in her; she is full of most blessed condition.

*Iago.* Blessed fig's end! the wine she drinks is made of grapes; if she had been blessed, she would never have loved the Moor: Blessed pudding! Didst thou not see her paddle with the palm of his hand? didst not mark that?

*Rod.* Yes, that I did; but that was but courtesy.

*Iago.* Lechery, by this hand; an index, and obscure prologue to the history of foul thoughts. They met so near with their lips, that their breaths embraced together. Villanous thoughts, Roderigo! when these mutualities so marshal the way, hard at hand comes the master and main exercise, the incorporate conclusion: Pish! — But, sir, be you ruled by me: I have brought you from Venice. Watch you to-night; for the command, I'll lay't upon you: Cassio knows you not; — I'll not be far from you: Do you find some occasion to anger Cassio, either by speaking too loud, or tainting his discipline; or from what other course you please, which the time shall more favourably minister.

*Rod.* Well.

*Iago.* Sir, he is rash, and very sudden in choler; and, haply, with his truncheon may strike at you: Provoke him that he may; for, even out of that, will I cause these of Cyprus to mutiny; whose qualification shall come into no true taste again, but by the displanting of Cassio. So shall you have a shorter journey to your desires, by the means I shall then have to prefer them; and the impediment most profitably removed, without the which there were no expectation of our prosperity.

*Rod.* I will do this, if I can bring it to any opportunity.

*Iago.* I warrant thee. Meet me by and by at the citadel: I must fetch his necessaries ashore. Farewell.

*Rod.* Adieu.

[Exit.]

*Iago.* That Cassio loves her, I do well believe it;  
That she loves him, 'tis apt, and of great credit:  
The Moor,— howbeit that I endure him not,—  
Is of a constant, loving, noble nature;  
And, I dare think, he'll prove to Desdemona  
A most dear husband. Now I do love her too;  
Not out of absolute lust, (though peradventure,  
I stand accountant for as great a sin,)—  
But partly led to diet my revenge,  
For that I do suspect the lusty Moor  
Hath leap'd into my seat; the thought whereof  
Doth, like a poisonous mineral, gnaw my inwards;  
And nothing can or shall content my soul,  
Till I am even with him, wife for wife;  
Or, failing so, yet that I put the Moor  
At least into a jealousy so strong  
That judgment cannot cure. Which thing to do,—  
If this poor trash of Venice, whom I trash  
For his quick hunting, stand the putting on,  
I'll have our Michael Cassio on the hip;  
Abuse him to the Moor in the rank garb,—  
For I fear Cassio with my night-cap too;  
Make the Moor thank me, love me, and reward me.  
For making him egregiously an ass,  
And practicing upon his peace and quiet  
Even to madness. 'Tis here, but yet confus'd  
Knavery's plain face is never seen, till us'd.



## Iago Instigating Othello Against Desdemona.

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OTHELLO.

Act III. — Scene 3.

*Iago.* My noble lord,—

*Oth.* What dost thou say, Iago?

*Iago.* Did Michael Cassio, when you woo'd my lady,  
Know of your love?

*Oth.* He did, from first to last: Why dost thou ask?

*Iago.* But for a satisfaction of my thought;  
No further harm.

*Oth.* Why of thy thought, Iago?

*Iago.* I did not think, he had been acquainted with her.

*Oth.* O, yes; and went between us very oft.

*Iago.* Indeed?

*Oth.* Indeed! ay, indeed:— Discern'st thou aught in that?  
Is he not honest?

*Iago.* Honest, my Lord?

*Oth.* Ay, honest.

*Iago.* My lord, for aught I know.

*Oth.* What dost thou think?

*Iago.* Think, my Lord?

*Oth.* Think, my Lord?

By heaven, he echoes me,  
As if there were some monster in his thought  
Too hideous to be shown.— Thou dost mean something:  
I heard thee say but now,— Thou lik'dst not that,  
When Cassio left my wife; What did'st not like?  
And, when I told thee— he was of my counsel  
In my whole course of wooing, thou cry'dst “Indeed?”

And did'st contract and purse thy brow together,  
As if thou then had'st shut up in thy brain  
Some horrible conceit: If thou dost love me,  
Show me thy thought.

*Iago.* My lord, you know I love you.

*Oth.* I think, thou dost;  
And,—for I know thou art full of love and honesty,  
And weigh'st thy words before thou giv'st them breath,—  
Therefore these stops of thine fright me the more:  
For such things, in a false disloyal knave,  
Are tricks of custom; but, in a man that's just,  
They are close denotements, working from the heart,  
That passion cannot rule.

*Iago.* For Michael Cassio,—  
I dare be sworn, I think that he is honest.

*Oth.* I think so too.

*Iago.* Men should be what they seem;  
Or, those that be not, 'would they might seem none!

*Oth.* Certain, men should be what they seem.

*Iago.* Why then, I think that Cassio is an honest man.

*Oth.* Nay, yet there's more in this:  
I pray thee, speak to me as to thy thinkings,  
As thou dost ruminant, and give thy worst of thoughts  
The worst of words.

*Iago.* Good, my lord, pardon me;  
Though I am bound to every act of duty,  
I am not bound to that all slaves are free to.  
Utter my thoughts? Why, say, they are vile and false,—  
As where's that palace, whereinto foul things  
Sometimes intrude not? Who has a breast so pure,  
But some uncleanly apprehensions  
Keep leets, and law-days, and in session sit  
With meditations lawful?

*Oth.* Thou dost conspire against thy friend, Iago,

If thou but think'st him wrong'd, and mak'st his ear  
A stranger to thy thoughts.

*Iago.* I do beseech you,—  
Though I, perchance, am vicious in my guess,  
As, I confess, it is my nature's plague  
To spy into abuses; and, oft, my jealousy  
Shapes faults that are not,— I entreat you then,  
From one that so imperfectly conjects,  
You'd take no notice; nor build yourself a trouble  
Out of his scattering and unsure observance:—  
It were not for your quiet, nor your good,  
Nor for my manhood, honesty, or wisdom,  
To let you know my thoughts.

*Oth.* What dost thou mean?

*Iago.* Good name, in man, and woman, dear my lord,  
Is the immediate jewel of their souls:  
Who steals my purse, steals trash; 'tis something, nothing;  
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands;  
But he, that filches from me my good name,  
Robs me of that, which not enriches him,  
And makes me poor indeed.

*Oth.* By heaven, I'll know thy thought.

*Iago.* You cannot if my heart were in your hand;  
Nor shall not, whilst 'tis in my custody.

*Oth.* Ha!

*Iago.* O, beware, my lord, of jealousy!  
It is the green-ey'd monster, which doth mock  
The meat it feeds on: That cuckold lives in bliss  
Who, certain of his fate, loves not his wronger;  
But, O, what damned minutes tells he o'er,  
Who dotes, yet doubts; suspects, yet strongly loves!

*Oth.* O misery!

*Iago.* Poor, and content, is rich, and rich enough;  
But riches, fineless, is as poor as winter,  
To him that ever fears he shall be poor:—

Good heaven, the souls of all my tribe defend  
From jealousy!

*Oth.*

Why? why is this?

Think'st thou, I'd make a life of jealousy,  
To follow still the changes of the moon  
With fresh suspicions? No; to be once in doubt,  
Is — once to be resolv'd: Exchange me for a goat,  
When I shall turn the business of my soul  
To such exsufflicate and blown surmises,  
Matching thy inference. "Tis not to make me jealous,  
To say — my wife is fair, feeds well, loves company,  
Is free of speech, sings, plays, and dances well;  
Where virtue is, these are more virtuous:  
Nor from mine own weak merits will I draw  
The smallest fear, or doubt of her revolt;  
For she had eyes, and chose me: No, Iago;  
I'll see, before I doubt; when I doubt, prove;  
And, on the proof, there is no more but this.—  
Away at once with love, or jealousy!

*Iago.* I am glad of this; for now I shall have reason  
To show the love and duty that I bear you  
With franker spirit; therefore, as I am bound,  
Receive it from me: — I speak not yet of proof.  
Look to your wife; observe her well with Cassio;  
Wear your eye — thus, not jealous, nor secure  
I would not have your free and noble nature,  
Out of self-bounty, be abus'd; look to't:  
I know our country disposition well;  
In Venice they do let heaven see the pranks  
They dare not show their husbands; their best conscience  
Is — not to leave undone, but keep unknown.

*Oth.* Dost thou say so?

*Iago.* She did deceive her father, marrying you;  
And when she seem'd to shake, and fear your looks,  
She lov'd them most.

*Oth.* And so she did.

*Iago.* Why, go to, then;

She that, so young, could give out such a seeming,  
To seal her father's eyes up, close as oak,—  
He thought, 'twas witchcraft:— But I am much to blame;  
I humbly do beseech you of your pardon,  
For too much loving you.

*Oth.* I am bound to thee for ever.

*Iago.* I see, this hath a little dash'd your spirits.

*Oth.* Not a jot, not a jot.

*Iago.* Trust me, I fear it has.

I hope you will consider, what is spoke  
Comes from my love;— But, I do see you are mov'd:—  
I am to pray you, not to strain my speech  
To grosser issues, nor to larger reach,  
Than to suspicion.

*Oth.* I will not.

*Iago.* Should you do so, my lord,  
My speech should fall into such vile success  
As my thoughts aim not at. Cassio 's my worthy friend:—  
My lord, I see you're mov'd.

*Oth.* No, not much mov'd:—

I do not think but Desdemona 's honest.

*Iago.* Long live she so! and long live you to think so!

*Oth.* And yet, how nature erring from itself,—

*Iago.* Ay, there's the point: — As, — to be bold with  
you,—

Not to affect many proposed matches,  
Of her own clime, complexion, and degree,  
Whereto, we see, in all things nature tends:  
Foh! one may smell, in such, a will most rank,  
Foul disproportion, thoughts unnatural.—  
But pardon me; I do not, in position,  
Distinctly speak of her: Though I may fear,  
Her will, recoiling to her better judgment,

May fall to match you with her country forms  
And (happily) repent.

*Oth.* Farewell, farewell.

If more thou dost perceive, let me know more;  
Set on thy wife to observe: Leave me, Iago.

*Iago.* My lord, I take my leave. [Going.

*Oth.* Why did I marry? — This honest creature, doubtless,  
Sees and knows more, much more, than he unfolds.

*Iago.* My lord, I would, I might entreat your honour  
To scan this thing no further; leave it to time:  
And though it be fit that Cassio have his place,  
(For sure, he fills it up with great ability,)  
Yet, if you please to hold him off awhile,  
You shall by that perceive him and his means.  
Note, if your lady strain his entertainment  
With any strong or vehement opportunity,  
Much will be seen in that. In the mean time,  
Let me be thought too busy in my fears,  
(As worthy cause I have to fear, — I am,)  
And hold her free, I do beseech your honuor.

*Oth.* Fear not my government.

*Iago.* I once more take my leave. [Exit.

*Oth.* This fellow 's of exceeding honesty,  
And knows all qualities; with a learned spirit,  
Of human dealings: If I do prove her haggard,  
Though that her jesses were my dear heart-strings,  
I'd whistle her off, and let her down the wind,  
To prey at fortune. Happly, for I am black;  
And have not those soft parts of conversation  
That chamberers have: Or, for I am declin'd  
Into the vale of years; — yet that's not much; —  
She 's gone; I am abus'd; and my relief  
Must be — to loathe her. O curse of marriage,  
That we can call these delicate creatures ours,  
And not their appetites! I had rather be a toad,

And live upon the vapour of a dungeon,  
 Than keep a corner in the thing I love,  
 For others' uses. Yet, 'tis the plague of great ones;  
 Prerogativ'd are they less than the base;  
 'Tis destiny unshunnable, like death;  
 Even then this forked plague is fated to us,  
 When we do quicken.

Desdemona comes in, and, finding her husband ill, offers to bind his aching head. Departing, she leaves behind the handkerchief, which is picked up by Emilia. Iago, seeing her with the handkerchief, snatches it, and continues thus:

*Iago.* I will in Cassio's lodging lose this napkin,  
 And let him find it: Trifles, light as air,  
 Are, to the jealous, confirmations strong  
 As proofs of holy writ. This may do something.  
 The Moor already changes with my poison:—  
 Dangerous conceits are, in their natures, poisons,  
 Which, at the first, are scarce found to distaste;  
 But, with a little act upon the blood,  
 Burn like the mines of sulphur.—I did say so:—

*Enter Othello.*

Look, where he comes! Not poppy, nor mandragora,  
 Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world,  
 Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep  
 Which thou ow'dst yesterday.

*Oth.* Ha! ha! false to me? To me?

*Iago.* Why, how now, general? no more of that.

*Oth.* Avaunt! begone! thou hast set me on the rack:—  
 I swear, 'tis better to be much abus'd,  
 Than but to know't a little.

*Iago.* How now, my lord?

*Oth.* What sense had I of her stolen hours of lust?  
 I saw it not, thought it not, it harm'd not me:  
 I slept the next night well, was free and merry;  
 I found not Cassio's kisses on her lips:

He that is robb'd, not wanting what is stolen,  
Let him not know it, and he's not robb'd at all.

*Iago.* I am very sorry to hear this.

*Oth.* I had been happy, if the general camp,  
Pioneers and all, had tasted her sweet body,  
So I had nothing known: O now, for ever,  
Farewell the tranquil mind! farewell content!  
Farewell the plumed troop, and the big wars,  
That make ambition virtue! O, farewell!  
Farewell the neighing steed, and the shrill trump,  
The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife,  
The royal banner; and all quality,  
Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war!  
And O you mortal engines, whose rude throats  
The immortal Jove's dread clamours counterfeit,  
Farewell! Othello's occupation's gone!

*Iago.* Is it possible? — My lord, —

*Oth.* Villain, be sure thou prove my love disloyal;  
Be sure of it; give me the ocular proof;

[Taking him by the throat.

Or, by the worth of mine eternal soul,  
Thou hadst been better have been born a dog,  
Than answer my wak'd wrath.

*Iago.* Is it come to this?

*Oth.* Make me to see it; or, at the least, so prove it,  
That the probation bear no hinge, nor loop,  
To hang a doubt on; or, woe upon thy life!

*Iago.* My noble lord, —

*Oth.* If thou dost slander her, and torture me,  
Never pray more; abandon all remorse;  
On horror's head horrors accumulate;  
Do deeds to make heaven weep, all earth amaz'd;  
For nothing canst thou to damnation add,  
Greater than that.

*Iago.* O grace! O heaven defend me!  
 Are you a man? have you a soul, or sense?—  
 God be wi'you; take mine office.—O wretched fool,  
 That liv'st to make thine honesty a vice!—  
 O monstrous world! Take note, take note, O world,  
 To be direct and honest, is not safe.—  
 I thank you for this profit; and, from hence,  
 I'll love no friend, since love breeds such offence.

*Oth.* Nay, stay:—Thou should'st be honest.

*Iago.* I should be wise; for honesty's a fool,  
 And loses that it works for.

*Oth.* By the world,  
 I think my wife be honest, and think she is not;  
 I think that thou art just, and think thou art not;  
 I'll have some proof: Her name, that was as fresh  
 As Dian's visage, is now begrim'd and black  
 As mine own face.—If there be cords, or knives,  
 Poison, or fire, or suffocating streams,  
 I'll not endure it.—Would, I were satisfied!

*Iago.* I see, sir, you are eaten up with passion:  
 I do repent me, that I put it to you.  
 You would be satisfied?

*Oth.* Would? nay, I will.

*Iago.* And may: But, how? how satisfied, my lord?  
 What shall I say? Where's satisfaction?  
 If imputation, and strong circumstances,—  
 Which lead directly to the door of truth,—  
 Will give you satisfaction, you may have it.

*Oth.* Give me a living reason she's disloyal.

*Iago.* I do not like the office:  
 But, sith I am enter'd in this cause so far,—  
 Prick'd to it by foolish honesty and love,—  
 I will go on. I lay with Cassio lately;

And, being troubled with a raging tooth,  
I could not sleep.

There are a kind of men so loose of soul,  
That in their sleeps will mutter their affairs;  
One of this kind is Cassio:  
In sleep I heard him say,— “Sweet Desdemona,  
Let us be wary, let us hide our loves!”  
And then, sir, would he gripe, and wring my hand,  
Cry,— “O, sweet creature!” and then kiss me hard,  
As if he pluck’d up kisses by the roots,  
That grew upon my lips; and sigh’d, and then  
Cried,— “Cursed fate! that gave thee to the Moor!”

*Oth.* O monstrous, monstrous!

*Iago.* Nay, this was but his dream.

*Oth.* But this denoted a foregone conclusion;  
’Tis a shrewd doubt, though it be but a dream.

*Iago.* And this may help to thicken other proofs,  
That do demonstrate thinly.

*Oth.* I’ll tear her to pieces.

*Iago.* Nay, but be wise; yet we see nothing done;  
She may be honest yet. Tell me but this,—  
Have you not sometimes seen a handkerchief,  
Spotted with strawberries, in your wife’s hand?

*Oth.* I gave her such a one; ’twas my first gift.

*Iago.* I know not that; but such a handkerchief  
(I am sure, it was your wife’s,) did I to-day  
See Cassio wipe his beard with.

*Oth.* If it be that,—

*Iago.* If it be that, or any that was hers,  
It speaks against her with the other proofs.

*Oth.* O, that the slave had forty thousand lives;  
One is too poor, too weak for my revenge!  
Now do I see ’tis true.—Look here, Iago;

All my fond love thus I do blow to heaven,  
 'Tis gone.—  
 Arise, black vengeance, from the hollow cell,  
 Yield up, O love, thy crown, and hearted throne,  
 To tyrannous hate! swell, bosom, with thy fraught,  
 For 'tis of aspick's tongues!

*Iago.* Pray, be content.

*Oth.* O, blood, Iago, blood!

*Iago.* Patience, I say; your mind, perhaps, may change.

*Oth.* Never, Iago. Like to the Pontick sea,  
 Whose icy current and compulsive course  
 Ne'er feels retiring ebb, but keeps due on  
 To the Propontick, and the Hellespont;  
 Even so my bloody thoughts, with violent pace  
 Shall ne'er look back, ne'er ebb to humble love,  
 Till that a capable and wide revenge  
 Swallow them up.—Now, by yond' marble heaven,  
 In the due reverence of a sacred vow [Kneels.  
 I here engage my words.

*Iago.* Do not rise yet.— [Kneels.  
 Witness, you ever-burning lights above!  
 You elements that clip us round about!  
 Witness, that here Iago doth give up  
 The execution of his wit, hands, heart,  
 To wrong'd Othello's service! Let him command,  
 And to obey shall be in me remorse,  
 What bloody work soever.

*Oth.* I greet thy love,  
 Not with vain thanks, but with acceptance bounteous,  
 And will upon the instant put thee to't:  
 Within these three days let me hear thee say,  
 That Cassio's not alive,

*Iago.* My friend is dead; 'tis done, at your request:  
But let her live.

*Oth.* Come, go with me apart; I will withdraw,  
To furnish me with some swift means of death  
For the fair devil. Now art thou my lieutenant.

*Iago.* I am your own for ever.



## Coriolanus's Treachery.



### CORIOLANUS.

Act IV. — Scene 5.

**Characters:** *Coriolanus and Aufidius.*

*Auf.* Whence comest thou? What wouldest thou? Thy name?

Why speak'st not? Speak, man! What's thy name?

*Cor.* [Unmuffling.] If, Tullus,  
Not yet thou know'st me, and seeing me, dost not  
Think me for the man I am, necessity  
Commands me name myself.

*Auf.* What is thy name?

*Cor.* A name unmusical to the Volcians' ears,  
And harsh in sound to thine.

*Auf.* Say, what's thy name?  
Thou hast a grim appearance, and thy face  
Bears a command in't; though thy tackle's torn,  
Thou show'st a noble vessel; what's thy name?

*Cor.* Prepare thy brow to frown: Know'st thou me yet?

*Auf.* I know thee not: — Thy name?

*Cor.* My name is Caius Marcius, who hath done  
To thee particularly, and to all the Volces,  
Great hurt and mischief; thereto witness may

My surname, Coriolanus: The painful service,  
The extreme dangers, and the drops of blood  
Shed for my thankless country, are requited  
But with that surname; a good memory,  
And witness of the malice and displeasure  
Which thou should'st bear me; only that name remains;  
The cruelty and envy of the people  
Permitted by our dastard nobles, who  
Have all forsook me, hath devour'd the rest;  
And suffered me by the voice of slaves to be  
Whoop'd out of Rome. Now, this extremity  
Hath brought me to thy hearth; not out of hope,  
Mistake me not, to save my life; for if  
I had fear'd death, of all the men i'the world  
I would have 'voided thee: But in mere spite,  
To be full quit of those my banishers,  
Stand I before thee here. Then if thou hast  
A heart of wreak in thee, that will revenge  
Thine own particular wrongs, and stop those mains  
Of shame seen through thy country, speed thee straight,  
And make my misery serve thy turn; so use it,  
That my revengeful services may prove  
As benefits to thee; for I will fight  
Against my canker'd country with the spleen  
Of all the under fiends. But if so be  
Thou dar'st not this, and that to prove more fortunes  
Thou art tir'd, then, in a word, I also am  
Longer to live most weary, and present  
My throat to thee, and to thy ancient malice;  
Which not to cut, would show thee but a fool;  
Since I have ever follow'd thee with hate,  
Drawn tons of blood out of thy country's breast,  
And cannot live but to thy shame, unless  
It be to do thee service.

*Auf.*                            O Marcius, Marcius,  
Each word thou hast spoke hath weeded from my heart  
A root of ancient envy. If Jupiter  
Should from yon cloud speak divine things, and say,  
"Tis true"; I'd not believe them more than thee,  
All noble Marcius.—O, let me twine  
Mine arms about that body, where against  
My grained ash an hundred times hath broke,  
And scar'd the moon with splinters! Here I clip  
The anvil of my sword; and do contest  
As hotly and as nobly with thy love,  
As ever in ambitious strength I did  
Contend against thy valour. Know thou first,  
I loved the maid I married; never man  
Sighed truer breath; but that I see thee here,  
Thou noble thing! more dances my rapt heart,  
Than when I first my wedded mistress saw  
Bestride my threshold. Why, thou Mars! I tell thee,  
We have a power on foot; and I had purpose  
Once more to hew thy target from thy brawn,  
Or lose my arm for't: Thou hast beat me out  
Twelve several times, and I have nightly since  
Dreamt of encounters 'twixt thyself and me;  
We have been down together in my sleep  
Unbuckling helms, fisting each other's throat,  
And wak'd half dead with nothing. Worthy Marcius,  
Had we no quarrel else to Rome, but that  
Thou art thence banish'd, we would muster all  
From twelve to seventy; and, pouring war  
Into the bowels of ungrateful Rome,  
Like a bold flood o'er-beat. O, come, go in,  
And take our friendly senators by the hands;  
Who now are here, taking their leaves of me,  
Who am prepar'd against your territories,  
Though not for Rome itself.

*Cor.*

You bless me, gods!

*Auf.* Therefore, most absolute sir, if thou wilt have  
 The leading of thine own revenges, take  
 The one half of my commission; and set down,—  
 As best thou art experienc'd, since thou know'st  
 Thy country's strength and weakness,—thine own ways:  
 Whether to knock against the gates of Rome,  
 Or rudely visit them in parts remote,  
 To fight them, ere destroy. But come in:  
 Let me commend thee first to those, that shall  
 Say, “Yea,” to thy desires. A thousand welcomes!  
 And more a friend than e'er an enemy;  
 Yet, Mareius, that was much. Your hand! Most welcome.



## Volumnia's Victory.



CORIOLANUS.

Act V. — Scene 3.

**Characters:** *Coriolanus, Aufidius, Virgilia, Volumnia, and Boy.*

*Cor.* We will before the walls of Rome to-morrow  
 Set down our host.—My partner in this action,  
 You must report to the Volcian lords, how plainly  
 I have borne this business.

*Auf.* Only their ends  
 You have suspected; stopp'd your ears against  
 The general suit of Rome; never admitted  
 A private whisper, no, not with such friends  
 That thought them sure of you.

*Cor.* This last old man,  
 Whom with a crack'd heart I have sent to Rome,  
 Loved me above the measure of a father;

Nay, godded me, indeed. Their latest refuge  
Was to send him; for whose old love, I have  
(Though I show'd sourly to him,) once more offer'd  
The first conditions, which they did refuse,  
And cannot now accept, to grace him only,  
That thought he could do more; a very little  
I have yielded too. Fresh embassies, and suits,  
Not from the state, nor private friends, hereafter  
Will I lend ear to.— Ha! what shout is this?

[Shouts without.]

Shall I be tempted to infringe my vow  
In the same time 'tis made? I will not.—

*Enter Virgilia and Volumnia.*

My wife comes foremost; then the honour'd mould  
Wherein this trunk was fram'd, and in her hand  
The grand-child to her blood. But, out, affection!  
All bond and privilege of nature, break!  
Let it be virtuous, to be obstinate.—  
What is that court'sy worth? or those doves' eyes,  
Which can make gods forsown?— I melt, and am not  
Of stronger earth than others.— My mother bows;  
As if Olympus to a mole-hill should  
In supplication nod; and my young boy  
Hath an aspect of intercession, which  
Great nature cries, “Deny not.”— Let the Volces  
Plough Rome and harrow Italy; I'll never  
Be such a goslin to obey instinct; but stand,  
As if a man were author of himself,  
And knew no other kin.

*Vir.* My lord and husband!

*Cor.* These eyes are not the same I wore in Rome.

*Vir.* The sorrow, that delivers us thus chang'd,  
Makes you think so.

*Cor.* Like a dull actor now,  
I have forgot my part, and am out,  
Even to a full disgrace. Best of my flesh,  
Forgive my tyranny; but do not say,  
For that, "Forgive the Romans." — O, a kiss  
Long as my exile, sweet as my revenge!  
Now by the jealous queen of heaven, that kiss  
I carried from thee, dear; and my true lip  
Hath virgin'd it ever since. — You gods! I prate,  
And the most noble mother of all the world  
Leave unsaluted: Sink, my knee, i'the earth; [Kneels.]  
Of thy deep duty more impression show  
Than that of common sons.

*Vol.* O, stand up bless'd!  
Whilst, with no softer cushion than the flint,  
I kneel before thee; and unproperly  
Show my duty, as mistaken all the while  
Between the child and the parent. [Kneels.]

*Cor.* What is this?  
Your knees to me? To your corrected son?  
Then let the pebbles on the hungry beach  
Fillip the stars; then let the mutinous winds  
Strike the proud cedars 'gainst the fiery sun;  
Murd'ring impossibility, to make  
What cannot be, slight work.

*Vol.* Thou art my warrior;  
I holp to frame thee. Do you know this lady?

*Cor.* The noble sister of Publicola,  
The moon of Rome; chaste as the icicle,  
That's curded by the frost from purest snow,  
And hangs on Dian's temple: Dear Valeria!

*Vol.* This is a poor epitome of yours,  
Which by the interpretation of full time  
May show like all yourself.

*Cor.*                                   The god of soldiers,  
With the consent of supreme Jove, inform  
Thy thoughts with nobleness; that thou may'st prove  
To shame unvulnerable, and stick i' the wars  
Like a great sea-mark, standing every flaw,  
And saving those that eye thee!

*Vol.*                                   Your knee, sirrah.

*Cor.* That's my brave boy.

*Vol.* Even he, your wife, this lady, and myself,  
Are suitors to you.

*Cor.*                                   I beseech you, peace!

Or, if you'd ask, remember this before;  
The things, I have foresworn to grant, may never  
Be held by you denials. Do not bid me  
Dismiss my soldiers, or capitulate  
Again with Rome's mechanics: — Tell me not  
Wherein I seem unnatural: Desire not  
To allay my rages and revenges, with  
Your colder reasons.

*Vol.*                                   O, no more, no more!

You have said, you will not grant us any thing;  
For we have nothing else to ask, but that  
Which you deny already: Yet we will ask;  
That, if you fail in our request, the blame  
May hang upon your hardness; therefore hear us.

*Cor.* Aufidius, and you Volces, mark; for we'll  
Hear naught from Rome in private. — Your request?

*Vol.* Should we be silent and not speak, our raiment,  
And state of bodies would bewray what life  
We have led since thy exile. Think with thyself,  
How more unfortunate than all living women  
Are we come hither; since that thy sight, which should  
Make our eyes flow with joy, hearts dance with comforts,  
Constrains them weep, and shake with fear and sorrow;  
Making thy mother, wife, and child, to see

The son, the husband, and the father, tearing  
 His country's bowels out. And to poor we,  
 Thine enmity's most capital; thou barr'st us  
 Our prayers to the gods, which is a comfort  
 That all but we enjoy; for how can we,  
 Alas! how can we for our country pray,  
 Whereto we are bound; together with thy victory,  
 Whereto we are bound? Alack! or we must lose  
 The country, our dear nurse; or else thy person,  
 Our comfort in the country. We must find  
 An evident calamity, though we had  
 Our wish, which side should win; for either thou  
 Must, as a foreign recreant, be led  
 With manacles through our streets, or else  
 Triumphantly tread on thy country's ruin;  
 And bear the palm, for having bravely shed  
 Thy wife and thy children's blood. For myself, son,  
 I purpose not to wait on fortune, till  
 These wars determine. If I cannot persuade thee  
 Rather to show a noble grace to both parts,  
 Than seek the end of one, thou shalt no sooner  
 March to assault thy country, than to tread  
 (Trust to't, thou shalt not,) on thy mother's womb,  
 That brought thee to this world.

*Vir.* Ay, and on mine,  
 That brought you forth this boy, to keep your name  
 Living to time.

*Boy.* He shall not tread on me;  
 I'll run away till I am bigger, but then I'll fight.

*Cor.* Not of a women's tenderness to be,  
 Requires nor child nor woman's face to see.

I have sat too long. [Rising.]

*Vol.* Nay, go not from us thus.  
 If it were so, that our request did tend  
 To save the Romans, thereby to destroy

The Volces whom you serve, you might condemn us,  
As poisonous of your honour. No; our suit  
Is, that you reconcile them; while the Volces  
May say, "This mercy we have show'd;" the Romans  
"This we receiv'd;" and each in either side  
Give the all-hail to thee, and cry, "Be bless'd  
For making up this peace!" Thou know'st, great son,  
The end o'war's uncertain; but this certain,  
That, if thou conquer Rome, the benefit  
Which thou shalt thereby reap, is such a name,  
Whose repetition will be dogg'd with curses;  
Whose chronicle thus writ, — "The man was noble,  
But with his last attempt he wip'd it out;  
Destroy'd his country; and his name remains  
To the ensuing age, abhorrd." Speak to me, son;  
Thou hast affected the fine strains of honour,  
To imitate the graces of the gods;  
To tear with thunder the wide cheeks o'the air,  
And yet to charge thy sulphur with a bolt  
That should but rive an oak. Why dost not speak?  
Think'st thou it honourable for a noble man  
Still to remember wrongs? — Daughter, speak you:  
He cares not for your weeping. — Speak thou, boy:  
Perhaps thy childishness will move him more  
Than can our reasons. — There is no man in the world  
More bound to his mother; yet here he lets me prate  
Like one i'the stocks. Thou hast never in thy life  
Show'd thy dear mother any courtesy;  
When she, (poor hen!) fond of no second brood,  
Has cluck'd thee to the wars, and safely home,  
Loaden with honour. Say my request's unjust,  
And spurn me back. But if it be not so,  
Thou art not honest; and the gods will plague thee,  
That thou restrain'st from me the duty, which  
To a mother's part belongs. — He turns away:

Down, ladies; let us shame him with our knees.  
 To his surname Coriolanus 'longs more pride,  
 Than pity to our prayers. Down; an end:  
 This is the last; — So we will home to Rome,  
 And die among our neighbours. — Nay, behold us:  
 This boy, that cannot tell what he would have,  
 But kneels, and holds up his hands, for fellowship,  
 Does reason our petition with more strength  
 Than thou hast to deny't. — Come, let us go:  
 This fellow had a Volcian to his mother;  
 His wife is in Corioli, and his child  
 Like him by chance: — Yet give us our despatch:  
 I am hush'd till our city be afire,  
 And then I'll speak a little.

*Cor.* [Holding Vol. by hands.] O mother, mother!  
 What have you done? Behold, the heavens do ope,  
 The gods look down, and this unnatural scene  
 They laugh at. O my mother, mother! O!  
 You have won a happy victory to Rome:  
 But, for your son, — believe it, O, believe it,  
 Most dangerously you have with him prevail'd,  
 If not most mortal to him. But, let it come: —  
 Aufidius, though I cannot make true wars,  
 I'll frame convenient peace. Now, good Aufidius,  
 Were you in my stead, say, would you have heard  
 A mother less? or granted less, Aufidius?

*Auf.* I was mov'd withal.

*Cor.* I dare be sworn, you were:  
 And, sir, it is no little thing, to make  
 Mine eyes to sweat compassion. But, good sir,  
 What peace you'll make, advise me: For my part,  
 I'll not to Rome, I'll back with you; and pray you,  
 Stand to me in this cause. — O mother! wife!

*Auf.* I am glad, thou hast set thy mercy and thy honour

At difference in thee; out of that I'll work  
Myself a former fortune. [Aside.

*Cor.* Ay, by and by;  
[To Vol. and Virg.

But we will drink together; and you shall bear  
A better witness back than words, which we,  
On like conditions, will have counter-seal'd.  
Come, enter with us. Ladies, you deserve  
To have a temple built you; all the swords  
In Italy, and her confederate arms,  
Could not have made this peace.



## The Remorse of King John.

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KING JOHN.

Act IV. — Scene 2.

*Characters: King John and Hubert.*

*Hub.* My Lord, they say, five moons were seen to-night:  
Four fixed; and the fifth did whirl about  
The other four, in wond'rous motion.

*K. John.* Five moons?

*Hub.* Old men, and beldams, in the streets  
Do prophecy upon it dangerously:  
Young Arthur's death is common in their mouths:  
And when they talk of him, they shake their heads,  
And whisper one another in the ear;  
And he that speaks, doth gripe the hearer's wrist;  
Whilst he that hears, makes fearful action,  
With wrinkled brows, with nods, with rolling eyes.  
I saw a smith stand with his hammer, thus,  
And whilst his iron did on the anvil cool,

With open mouth swallowing a tailor's news;  
Who, with his shears and measure in his hand,  
Standing on slippers, (which his nimble haste  
Had falsely thrust upon contrary feet,)  
Told of many a thousand warlike French,  
That had embattled and rank'd in Kent:  
Another lean unwash'd artificer  
Cuts off his tale, and talks of Arthur's death.

*K. John.* Why seek'st thou to possess me with these fears?  
Why urgest thou so oft young Arthur's death?  
Thy hand hath murder'd him: I had mighty cause  
To wish him dead, but thou hadst none to kill him.

*Hub.* Had none, my lord! Why, did you not provoke me?

*K. John.* It is the curse of kings, to be attended  
By slaves, that take their humors for a warrant  
To brake within the bloody house of life:  
And, on the winking of authority,  
To understand a law; to know the meaning  
Of dangerous majesty, when, perchance, it frowns  
More upon humour than upon advis'd respect.

*Hub.* Here is your hand and seal for what I did.

*K. John.* O, when the last account 'twixt heaven and earth  
Is to be made, then shall this hand and seal  
Witness against us to damnation!  
How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds,  
Makes deeds ill done! Hadst not thou been by,  
A fellow by the hand of nature mark'd,  
Quoted, and sign'd, to do a deed of shame,  
This murder had not come into my mind:  
But taking note of thy abhorrd aspect,  
Finding thee fit for bloody villainy,  
Apt, liable, to be employ'd in danger,  
I faintly broke with thee of Arthur's death;  
And thou, to be endear'd to a king,  
Made it no conscience to destroy a prince.

*Hub.* My lord,—

*K. John.* Hadst thou but shook thy head, or made a pause,  
When I spake darkly what I purposed;  
Or turn'd an eye of doubt upon my face,  
As bid me tell my tale in express words;  
Deep shame had struck me dumb, made me brake off,  
And those thy fears might have wrought fears in me:  
But thou didst understand me by my signs,  
And didst in signs again parley with sin,  
Yea, without stop, didst let thy heart consent,  
And, consequently, thy rude hand to act  
The deed, which both our tongues held vile to name.—  
Out of sight, and never see me more!  
My nobles leave me; and my state is brav'd,  
Even at my gates, with ranks of foreign powers:  
Nay, in the body of this fleshly land,  
This kingdom, this confine of blood and breath,  
Hostility and civil tumult reigns  
Between my conscience, and my cousin's death.

*Hub.* Arm you against your other enemies,  
I'll make a peace between your soul and you.  
Young Arthur is alive: This hand of mine  
Is yet a maiden and innocent hand,  
Not painted with the crimson spots of blood.  
Within this bosom never enter'd yet  
The dreadful motion of a murd'rous thought,  
And you have slander'd nature in my form;  
Which, howsoever rude exteriorly,  
Is yet the cover of a fairer mind  
Than to be butcher of an innocent child.

*K. John.* Doth Arthur live? O, haste thee to the peers,  
Throw this report on their incensed rage,  
And make them tame to their obedience!  
Forgive the comment that my passion made  
Upon thy feature; for my rage was blind,

And foul imaginary eyes of blood  
 Presented thee more hideous than thou art.  
 O, answer not; but to the closet bring  
 The angry lords, with all expedient haste;  
 I conjure thee but slowly; run more fast.



## Petruchio's Method.

### THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

Act II. — Scene 1.

**Characters:** *Petruchio and Katharine.*

*Pet.* I will attend her here,  
 And woo her with some spirit when she comes.  
 Say, that she rail; Why, then I'll tell her plain,  
 She sings as sweetly as a nightingale:  
 Say, that she frown; I'll say she looks as clear  
 As morning roses newly wash'd with dew:  
 Say, she be mute, and will not speak a word;  
 Then I'll commend her volubility,  
 And say — she uttereth piercing eloquence:  
 If she do bid me pack, I'll give her thanks,  
 As though she bid me stay by her a week:  
 If she deny to wed, I'll crave the day  
 When I shall ask the banns, and when be married:—  
 But here she comes; and now, Petruchio, speak.

*Enter Katharine.*

Good Morrow, Kate; for that's your name, I hear.

*Kath.* Well have you heard, but something hard of hearing;  
 They call me — Katharine, that do talk of me.

*Pet.* You lie, in faith; for you are call'd plain Kate,  
 And bonny Kate, and sometimes Kate the curst;

But Kate, the prettiest Kate in Christendom,  
Kate of Kate-Hall, my supper-dainty Kate,  
For dainties are all cates; and therefore, Kate,  
Take this of me, Kate of my consolation;—  
Hearing thy mildness prais'd in every town,  
Thy virtues spoke of, and thy beauty sounded,  
(Yet not so deeply as to thee belongs,)  
Myself am mov'd to woo thee for my wife.

*Kath.* Mov'd! in good time! let him that mov'd you hither  
Remove you hence; I knew you at the first,  
You were a moveable.

*Pet.* Why, what's a moveable?

*Kath.* A joint stool.

*Pet.* Thou hast hit it; come, sit on me.

*Kath.* Asses are made to bear, and so are you.

*Pet.* Women are made to bear, and so are you.

*Kath.* No such jade, sir, as you, if me you mean.

*Pet.* Alas, good Kate! I will not burden thee:  
For, knowing thee to be but young and light,—

*Kath.* Too light for such a swain as you to catch;  
And yet as heavy as my weight should be.

*Pet.* Should be? should — buzz!

*Kath.* Well ta'en, and like a buzzard,

*Pet.* O, slow-wing'd turtle! shall a buzzard take thee?

*Kath.* Ay, for a turtle; as he takes a buzzard.

*Pet.* Come, come, you wasp; i'faith, you are too angry.

*Kath.* If I be waspish, best beware my sting.

*Pet.* My remedy is then, to pluck it out.

*Kath.* Ay, if the fool could find it where it lies.

*Pet.* Who knows not where a wasp doth wear his sting?

Good Kate, I am a gentleman.

*Kath.* That I'll try. [Striking him.

*Pet.* I swear, I'll cuff you, if you strike again.

*Kath.* So may you lose your arms:

If you strike me, you are no gentleman;  
And if no gentleman, why, then no arms.

*Pet.* A herald, Kate? O, put me in thy books.

*Kath.* What is your crest? a coxcomb?

*Pet.* A combless cock, so Kate will be my hen.

*Kath.* No cock of mine; you crow too like a craven.

*Pet.* Nay, come, Kate, come; you must not look so sour.

*Kath.* It is my fashion, when I see a crab.

*Pet.* Why, her's no crab; and therefore look not sour.

*Kath.* There is, there is.

*Pet.* Then show it me.

*Kath.* Had I a glass, I would.

*Pet.* What, you mean my face?

*Kath.* Well aim'd of such a young one.

*Pet.* Now, by Saint George, I am too young for you.

*Kath.* Yet you are wither'd.

*Pet.* "Tis with cares.

*Kath.* I care not.

*Pet.* Nay, hear you, Kate; in sooth, you 'scape not so.

*Kath.* I chafe you, if I tarry; let me go.

*Pet.* No, not a whit; I find you passing gentle.

"Twas told me, you were rough, and coy, and sullen,  
And now I find report a very liar;

For thou art pleasant, gamesome, passing courteous;

But slow in speech, yet sweet as spring-time flowers.

Thou canst not frown, thou canst not look askance,

Nor bite the lip, as angry wenches will;

Nor hast thou pleasure to be cross in talk;

But thou with mildness entertain'st thy wooers,

With gentle conference, soft and affable.

Why does the world report that Kate doth limp?

O slanderous world! Kate, like the hazel-twigs,

Is straight, and slender, and as brown in hue

As hazel nuts, and sweeter than the kernels.

O, let me see thee walk; thou dost not halt.

*Kath.* Go, fool, and whom thou keep'st command.

*Pet.* Did ever Dian so become a grove,

As Kate this chamber with her princely gait?

O, be thou Dian, and let her be Kate;

And then let Kate be chaste, and Dian sportful!

*Kath.* Where did you study all this goodly speech?

*Pet.* It is extempore, from my mother-wit.

*Kath.* A witty mother! witless else her son.

*Pet.* Am I not wise?

*Kath.* Yes; keep you warm.

*Pet.* Marry, so I mean, sweet Katharine, in thy bed:

And therefore, setting all this chat aside,

Thus in plain terms:— Your father hath consented

That you shall be my wife; your dowry 'greed on;

And, will you, nill you, I will marry you.

Now, Kate, I am a husband for your turn;

For, by this light, whereby I see thy beauty,

(Thy beauty, that doth make me like thee well,) (

Thou must be married to no man but me:

For I am he, am born to tame you, Kate;

And bring you from a wild Kate to a Kate

Conformable, as other household Kates.

Here comes your father; never make denial,

I must and will have Katharine to my wife.







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